



PRAISE HIM PRAISE HIM

by Nandy Johnston



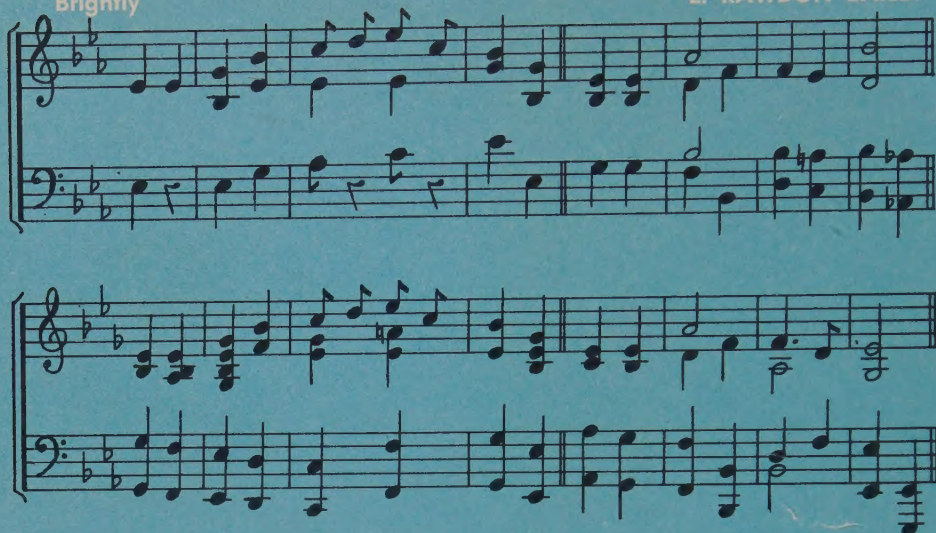
Illustrated by Kenneth Chamberlain

Praise Him

Praise Him 10 6 10 6

Brightly

E. RAWDON BAILEY



*Praise Him, praise Him, all ye little children!
He is love, He is love.
Thank Him, thank Him, all ye little children!
He is love, He is love.*

*Love Him, love Him, all ye little children!
He is love, He is love.
Crown Him, crown Him, all ye little children!
He is love, He is love.*

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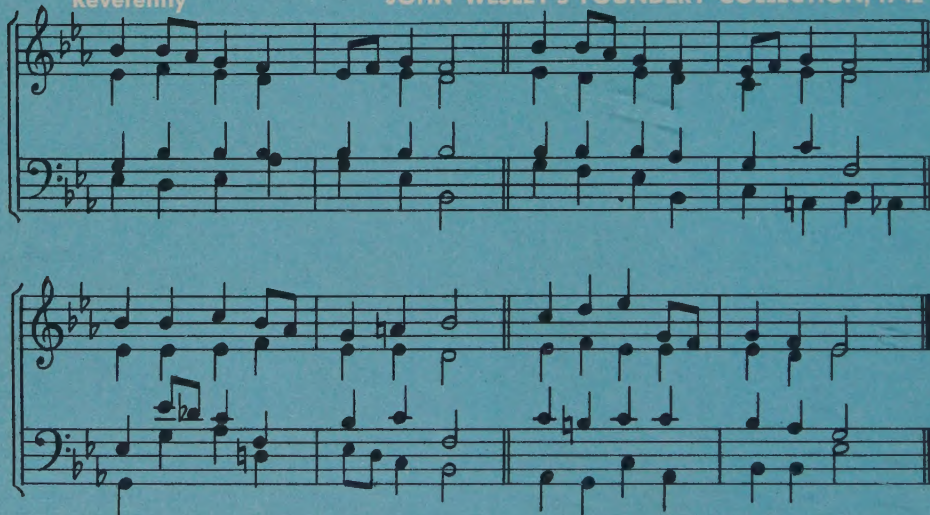
AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

Father, Hear Us

Savannah 7 7 7 7

Reverently

JOHN WESLEY'S FOUNDRY COLLECTION, 1742



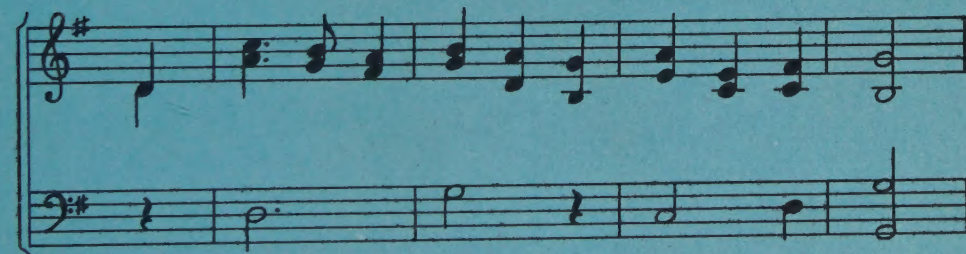
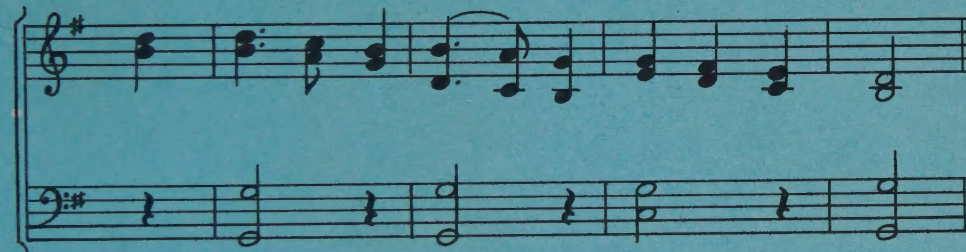
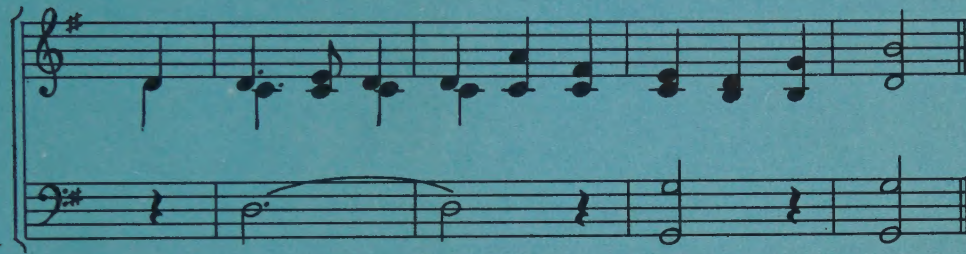
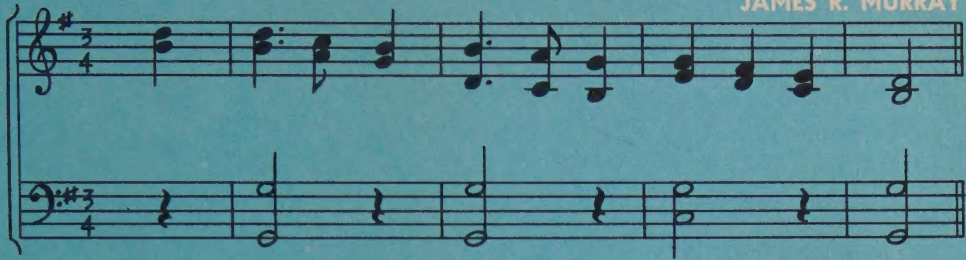
*Father, hear us when we pray;
Guard and keep us day by day;
Help us feel thy loving care,
Every day and everywhere.*

*Help us to be good and true,
Jesus' work on earth to do;
All we have with others share,
Every day and everywhere.*

From *Songs for Little Children* (No. 84), published by The United Church Publishing House, Toronto; as in *Carols*, published by the Leyda Publishing Company; Copyright 1912.

Away in a Manger

JAMES R. MURRAY



*Away in a manger,
No crib for his bed,
The little Lord Jesus
Laid down his sweet head.*

*The stars in the sky
Looked down where he lay,
The little Lord Jesus,
Asleep on the hay.*

SOURCE UNKNOWN

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Praise Him, Praise Him

A Word of Explanation to Parents and Teachers:

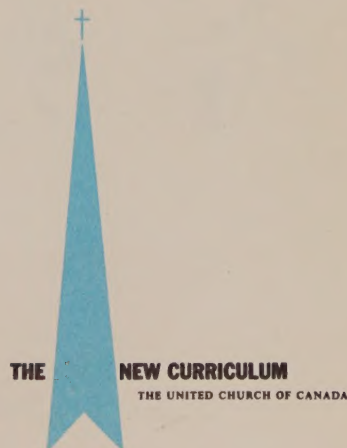
This book is part of the New Curriculum for The United Church of Canada.

This is a picture-reading book planned for kindergarten children of four and five years of age.

This book is for use in the home and in the Sunday church school. It will be used by child, parent, and teacher.

This book is one of two reading books for the second year of the kindergarten curriculum. The other book in this year is entitled **FRIENDS TOGETHER.**

The kindergarten curriculum is a two-year program. There is a teacher's guide for each year. There are two reading books for each year.



PRAISE HIM, PRAISE HIM

by Nandy Johnston
illustrated by Kenneth Chamberlain



A picture-reading book
for
the kindergarten child

his parents



and his teacher

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To
Christine,
Ronald,
and Janet

PART 1

MY CHURCH

- Story 1* - Praise Him, Praise Him
- Story 2* - Friends at Church
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PRAISE HIM, PRAISE HIM

One sunny morning in September John woke early because he was excited. There wasn't a sound to be heard in the house—no radio, no footsteps, no Mother moving about in the kitchen. There were no noises coming from outside either—no cars honking, no milk bottles clinking together, no children calling to each other. "It's Sunday," John said out loud. "Today I go back to Sunday church school." That's what the excited feeling was about, and he lay still, remembering the things he had liked about Sunday church school before the long summer holidays.

"John," said Mother, putting her head round the door of his bedroom, "up you get! It's Sunday, remember! Can you get washed and dressed by yourself?"

"Yes," said John, "and I'll be quick today."

Before long, John and Mother and Father had finished their Sunday breakfast, had tidied up, and started down the street to church.

"I'm glad Sunday church school is starting today," said John. "Will I know anyone there? Will I have the

same teachers? Will the toys be there? Oh, I wonder what we'll sing."

Father laughed. "Just wait and see, John. Mother and I will be wanting to hear all about it when we come to the kindergarten room for you."





"So many people," thought John, as they reached the church. Everyone seemed to be smiling and happy. Some people didn't know where to go, but the men at the door helped. Soon the mothers and fathers were in the part of the church that is called the sanctuary, babies were in the nursery, and John was in the kindergarten room he liked so well.

"Hello, John," said a smiling lady called Mrs. Anderson. "I knew you would be back today. You're five now, John, and in everyday kindergarten."

John looked around. He saw the things he had thought about in bed—the picture of Jesus with children around him, the piano with a hymn-book on it, the low tables with books, boys and girls

he knew—and others he had never seen before. He looked at them all.

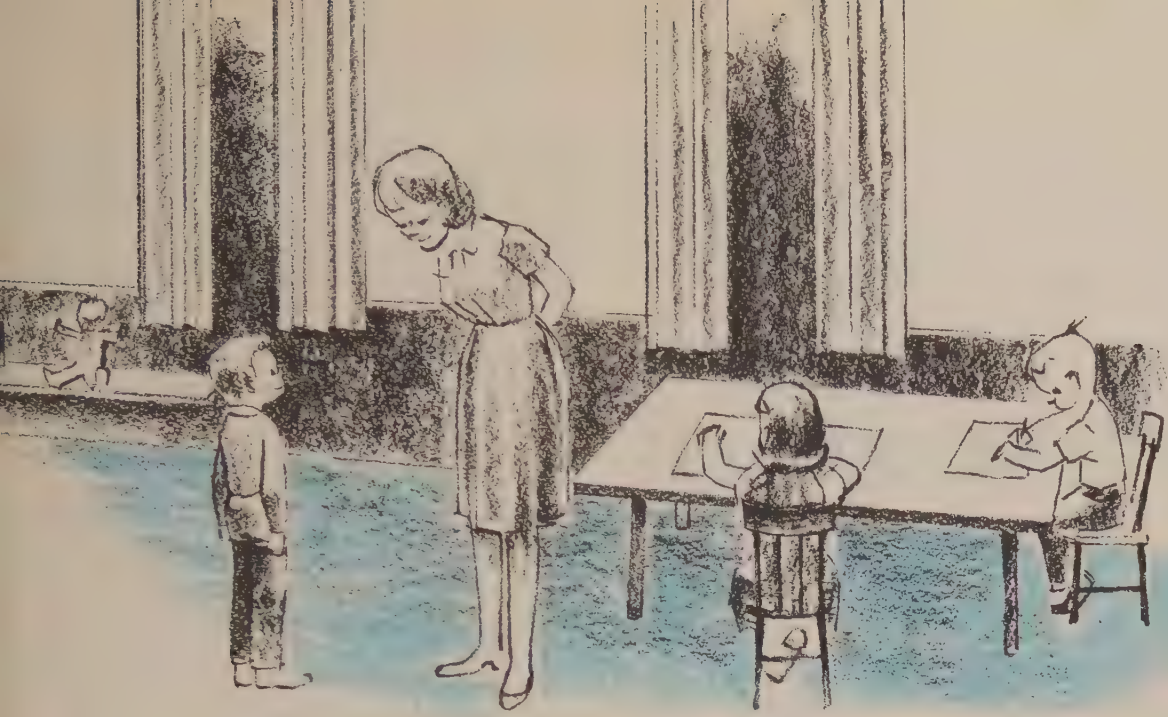
Then he saw June. She was John's friend and he was pleased to see her.

"June," he called, "come and play with me."

They played together, and sang, and listened to the teacher's stories. Before they knew it, the door opened and there were the mothers and fathers.

"Mummy," said June, "John's here and he played with me. I had a happy time."

June and *her* mother and father, and John and *his* mother and father walked home together. There was so much to



talk about that John felt Sunday had changed from the quietest day of the week to the most cheerful.

All the way home John and June talked about what they had done.

"I didn't know all the children," John said, "but we played anyway, and Mrs. Anderson was really glad to see me. She says we are her Sunday children because she doesn't have any of her own."

"A lady played the piano and we all sang," said June, "but I can't remember what the song was."

"It was the praise-him one," said John.

"We sang a praise-him song, too," said

June's mother. "Everyone who goes to church does that. That's how we say thank you to God for loving us. We say thank you at home, but it is nice to do it with your friends in church. People who love God like to be together."

"Can June come to my house after lunch?" asked John. Both mothers said she might. All afternoon John and June played Sunday church school, and John taught June to sing the praise-him song.

"Praise Him, praise Him
All ye little children!
God is love, God is love."

On Monday, John went to his everyday kindergarten. "Funny to go to *two* kindergartens," he thought, and made up a little song about it.

FRIENDS AT CHURCH

"I go to one on Sunday;
I go to one on Monday;
Sunday, Monday,
Tra-la-la!"

It was fun to sing that and keep time with his feet as he walked along. During the week he tried it with the other days too, but Tuesday and Wednesday and Thursday and Friday didn't fit very well with Sunday. He decided not to bother with them.

When Sunday came John and June arrived at the Sunday kindergarten



room together. Mrs. Anderson was glad to see them.

"Hello, John and June," Mrs. Anderson said. "Would you like to come over to the table and cut out some pictures for me?"

The table was low and round, and John and June liked the chairs because they were just the right size for them. The teacher showed them what to do. John began to look through some magazines and cut out pictures of children.

"I don't like cutting," said June. So June pasted all John's cut-outs in a circle on a big sheet of paper. She liked doing this.

When the circle was complete John and June took it to the teacher.

"Do you like what we've made?" June asked.

"Very much," said Mrs. Anderson. Then she said to all the boys and girls, "Come and sit on the rug while I tell you something."

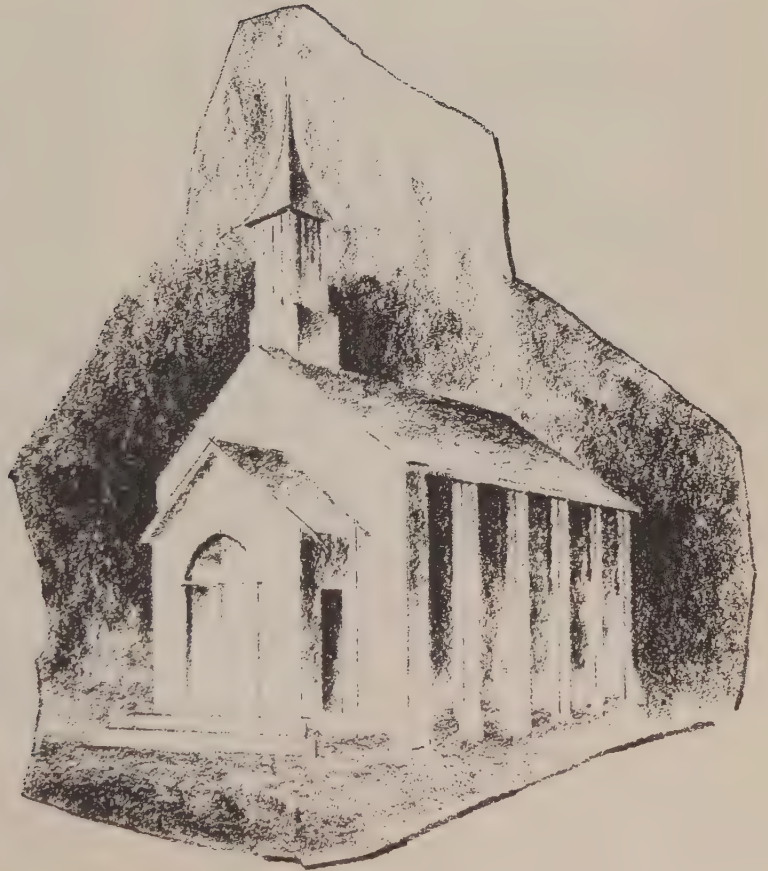
When the children were ready, Mrs. Anderson held up the big sheet of paper with the cut-out pictures on it. There were eight different pictures. On one side of the circle the boys and girls saw a baby boy who was crying, a teen-age girl, a little girl with yellow skin and shiny black hair, and a little





boy who had special things on one leg to help him walk. On the other side June had pasted the pictures of a big boy with black skin, a girl who looked raggy and dirty, and two children who were just like John and June.

It was nice to look at them and John wished they were real so that he could play with them. June wondered why the baby was crying.





"Look what's going onto the paper now," said Mrs. Anderson, and in the middle she pasted a picture of a church.

"God loves all children," she said. "And fathers and mothers, and teachers like me, want boys and girls to come to church so that we can tell them about God and how much he loves people. Jesus loves children too, and when he lived in the world long ago the children liked to be near him. He always had time to listen to them and to tell them stories."

"We have a Bible at home," said John, "and Mummy says it tells all about Jesus."

"Yes, John, the Bible is a special book about God and Jesus," said Mrs. Anderson. "Here is our kindergarten-room Bible. I'll tell you something it says about Jesus and children."

"One day some people came to Jesus and asked him to speak to their children. Jesus' friends thought he was too busy and told the people to go away. 'Don't say that,' said Jesus. 'Let the children come to me.' Then he talked to them and put his arms around them because he loved them so much."

John was glad to hear about Jesus loving the children. It made him feel loving too. So when Mrs. Anderson



John told him they built all kinds of things with them, houses, stores, gas stations, and anything else they wanted. Peter thought that sounded pretty nice, and did not pay much attention to the other toys. There were trucks and small blocks, puzzles, and lots of books. June liked the books. She sat down to look at one about a farm, while John and Peter played with the big blocks.

When it was time to go home, Peter didn't want to go.

"I haven't finished playing with the blocks," he said.

asked him to show Peter, who was new to the Sunday kindergarten, some of the special toys, he said, "Sure! Come on."

"Next Sunday you may play again," said Mrs. Anderson. "The blocks are always here."

June came too. First they went to the doll corner.

"Okay!" said Peter, and went out holding his father's hand.

"Huh!" said Peter, "I wouldn't play with girl stuff like that."

On the way home John sang his own song, making his feet go fast or slow in time to the words.

John didn't say anything, because he had a doll at home who was very special and he played with her quite often.

"I go to one on Sunday;
I go to one on Monday;
Sunday, Monday,
Tra-la-la."

"What do you do with these?" asked Peter, pointing to the big blocks.



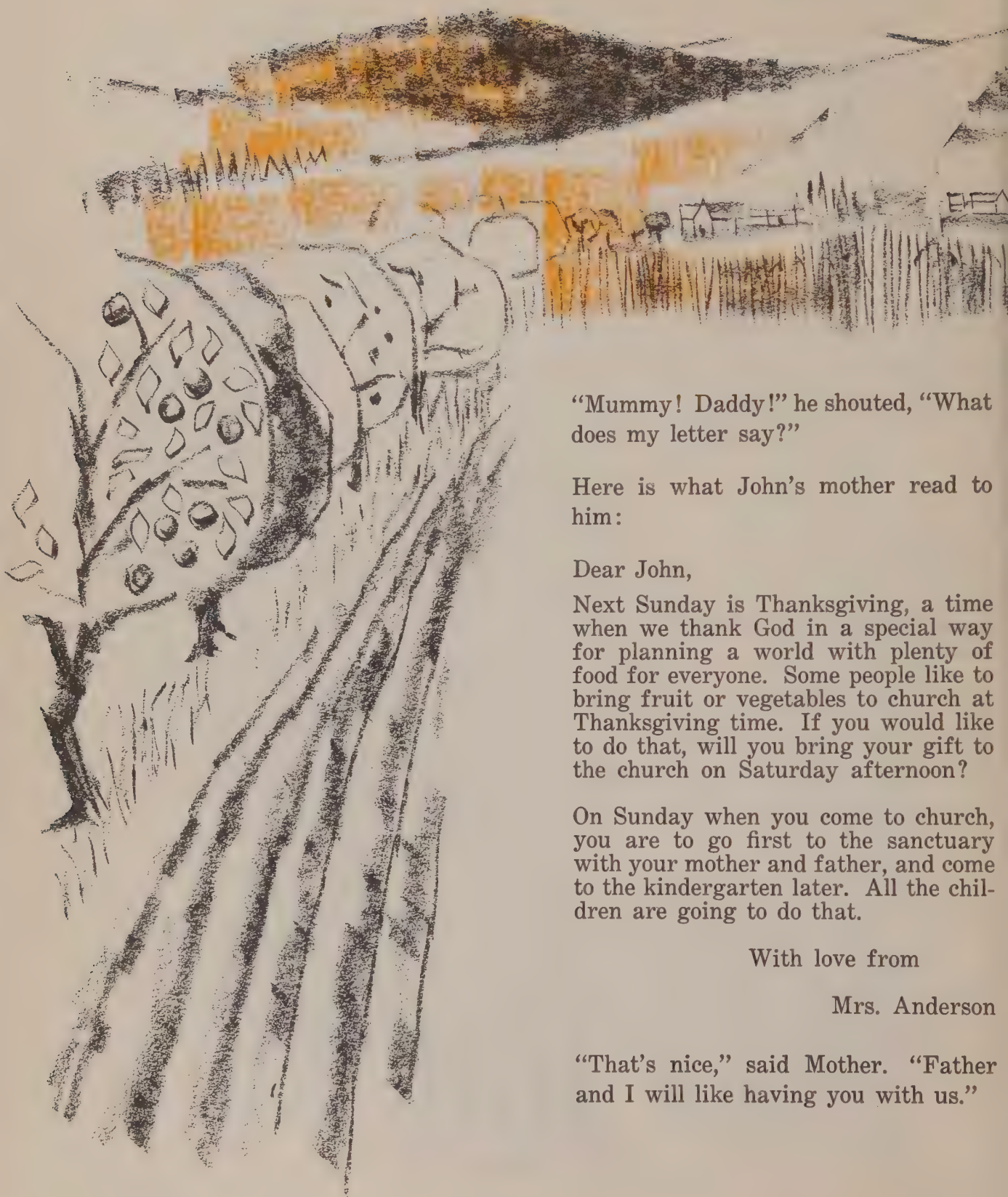
HANDS AND HEARTS SAY THANK YOU

Everybody likes to get a letter. A letter is what people send when they want to say something to their friends who live far away from them. They write a letter, put it in the mailbox, and the mailman takes it to the right house.

In the country and some other places, he puts it in a special little box in the Post Office, or in a big box on a post at the side of the road. Letters are friendly things whichever way they come.

John got a letter one day. He opened the envelope and looked carefully at the paper.





"Mummy! Daddy!" he shouted, "What does my letter say?"

Here is what John's mother read to him:

Dear John,

Next Sunday is Thanksgiving, a time when we thank God in a special way for planning a world with plenty of food for everyone. Some people like to bring fruit or vegetables to church at Thanksgiving time. If you would like to do that, will you bring your gift to the church on Saturday afternoon?

On Sunday when you come to church, you are to go first to the sanctuary with your mother and father, and come to the kindergarten later. All the children are going to do that.

With love from

Mrs. Anderson

"That's nice," said Mother. "Father and I will like having you with us."



“May I take something?” asked John.

“Of course,” replied Mother. “Come to the store with me this afternoon and choose what you want.”

John ate lunch at June’s house that day. “We’re going shopping for Thanksgiving,” he told her.

“What’s Thanksgiving?” she asked.

“Saying thank you to God for all our food,” he answered.

“We say thank you to God every day,” said June.

“This is different, June,” said her mother. “This Thanksgiving is because fruit has grown ripe on the trees and corn and wheat in the fields. When God made the world he made wonderful plans so that people wouldn’t run out of food. Look at this apple.”

June’s mother cut an apple through the centre, crosswise, and gave the children each a half. The middle of the round, juicy apple was marked like a star, and in each point of the star lay a little brown seed.

“Every plant that grows has seeds,” June’s mother told them. “When the farmer plants apple seeds he gets new apple trees; when he plants wheat seeds he gets a field of golden wheat. God planned the seeds, and he planned that some people would be farmers to look after them. Thanksgiving is when we thank God for taking care of us so well.”



At the store John decided he liked apples best, so his mother bought some and on Saturday they took them to the church. Some grown-up people were busy arranging fruit and vegetables and big sheaves of wheat. They said, "Thank you very much," to John for his apples.

John thought it all looked rather messy, but when he came back on Sunday—what a surprise!

"Everything is tidy now," he thought. "It's pretty."

He liked the tall vases of white and yellow flowers, the clean carrots, and the full baskets of fruit. The church smelled nice, too, like a garden.

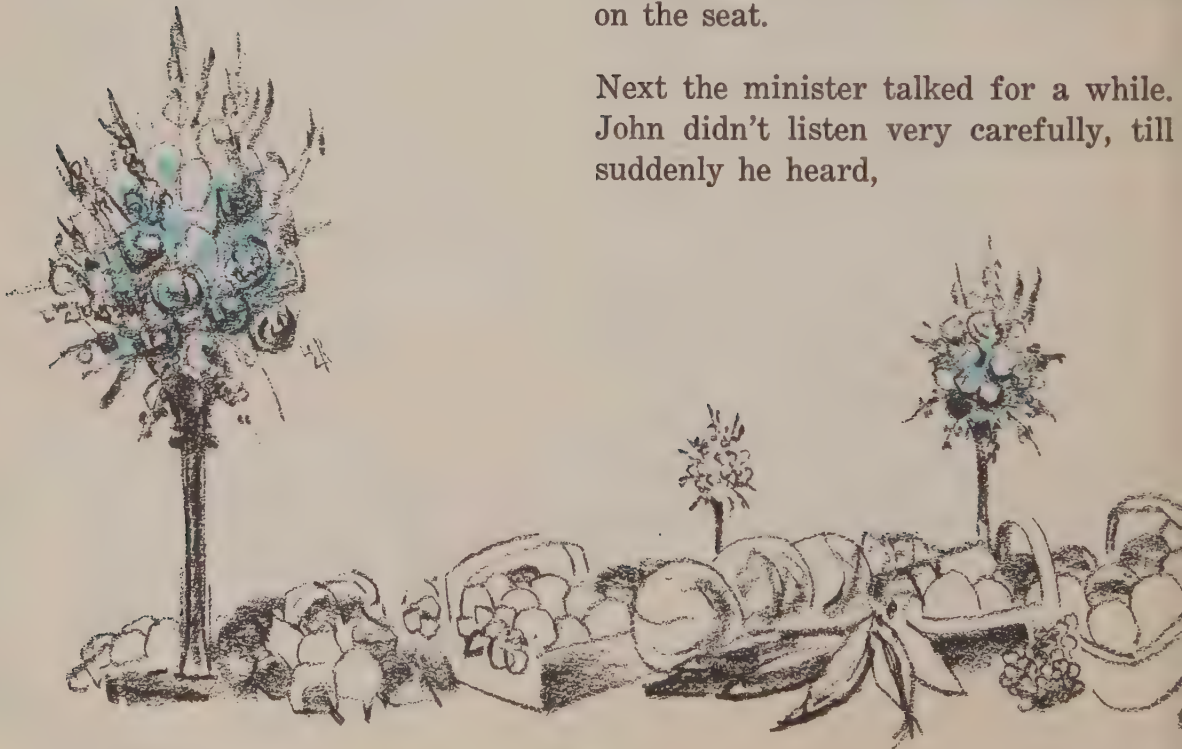
"I wonder which apples are mine," he thought, "and when I'll get to eat them. There's some bread. Does anyone think bread grows?"

When everybody was ready the minister said they would sing a song. Here is what they sang,

"Now thank we all our God,
With heart, and hands, and voices."

John didn't know the songs they were singing, but he sang anyway, and was glad to be there with his mother and father. He could see June with her mother and father. She was standing on the seat.

Next the minister talked for a while. John didn't listen very carefully, till suddenly he heard,

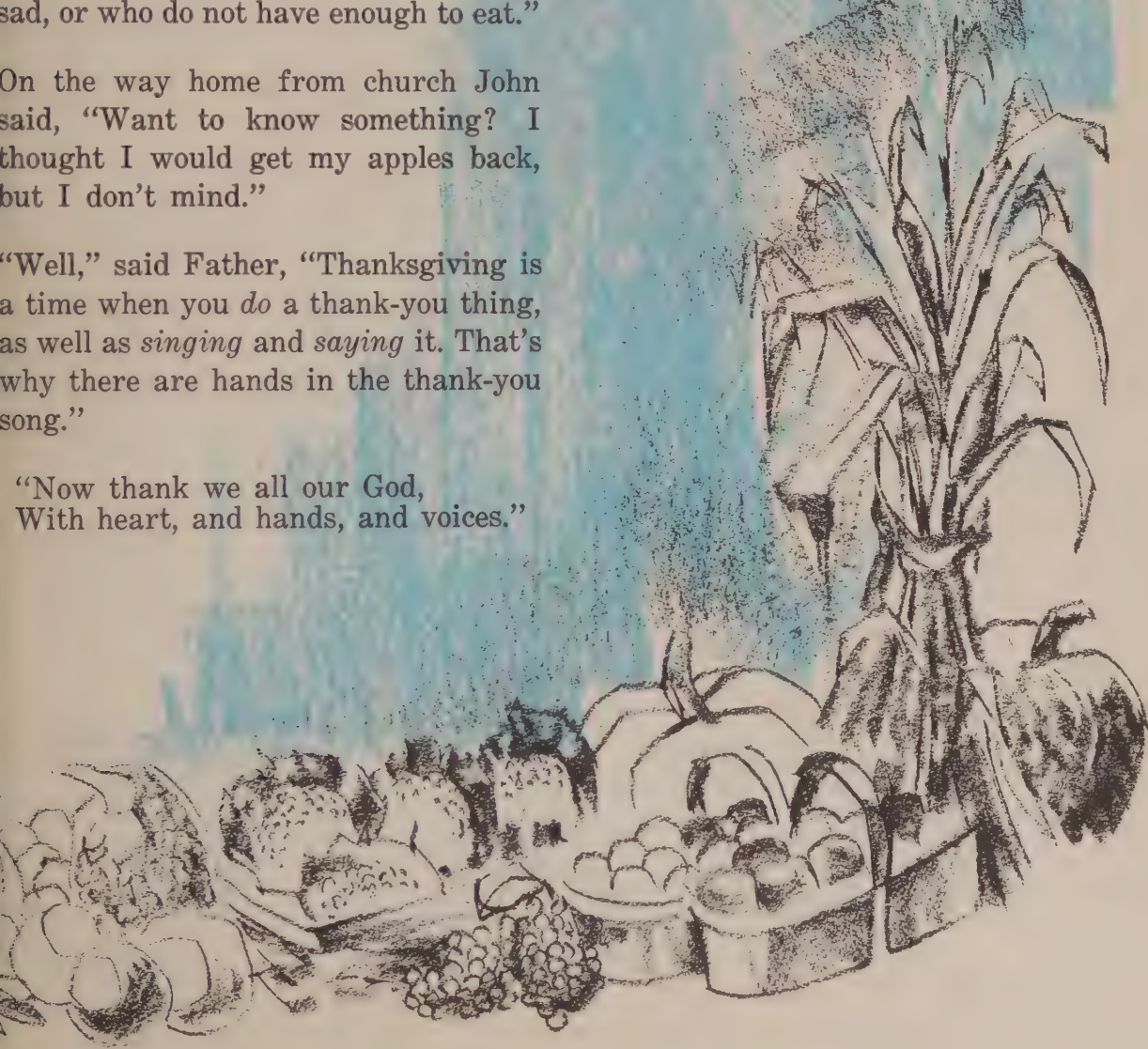


“So you see, boys and girls, although there is plenty of food in the world for everyone, God needs people to help him provide food for everyone. You share things at home, I know, and today you have brought something to share with someone you don’t even know. The best way to thank God for his love to us, is to be loving and kind to someone else. After church we will take these gifts to people who are sick or sad, or who do not have enough to eat.”

On the way home from church John said, “Want to know something? I thought I would get my apples back, but I don’t mind.”

“Well,” said Father, “Thanksgiving is a time when you *do* a thank-you thing, as well as *singing* and *saying* it. That’s why there are hands in the thank-you song.”

“Now thank we all our God,
With heart, and hands, and voices.”







JOHN HELPS HIS MINISTER

John and June were busy collecting nuts one afternoon under the big tree near June's house. They had a basket nearly full of the shiny brown nuts when they heard a voice say,

"Hello!"

It was their minister, Mr. Kilgore. He had a little girl with him, whom they did not know.

"John and June, here's someone who would like to play with you. I'd like you to meet Betty. Betty, this is June, and this is John."

The children all said, "Hello," at the same time.

"Betty doesn't know anyone around here," explained Mr. Kilgore. "She has just come to our neighbourhood."

"She can help us with the nuts," said June.

Mr. Kilgore left the three children playing together and went in to visit June's mother. When he came out the basket was quite full and the children were wondering what to do next.

"Perhaps Betty would like to come and see some of your toys, June," called June's mother from the door.

"And I was wondering if you would like to come with me, John," said Mr.





Kilgore. "I'm going to see a boy about your age who is ill and would love to have someone to play with for a while. Would you do that?"

John said he would. He filled his pockets with nuts, then they went to ask his mother if it would be all right. She thought it was a very nice idea, so off they went in Mr. Kilgore's car.

"What's the sick boy's name?" asked John.

"Duncan," answered Mr. Kilgore. "He has to stay in bed for a long time and he gets very lonely, having no one to play with."

"Is that why you're going to see him?"

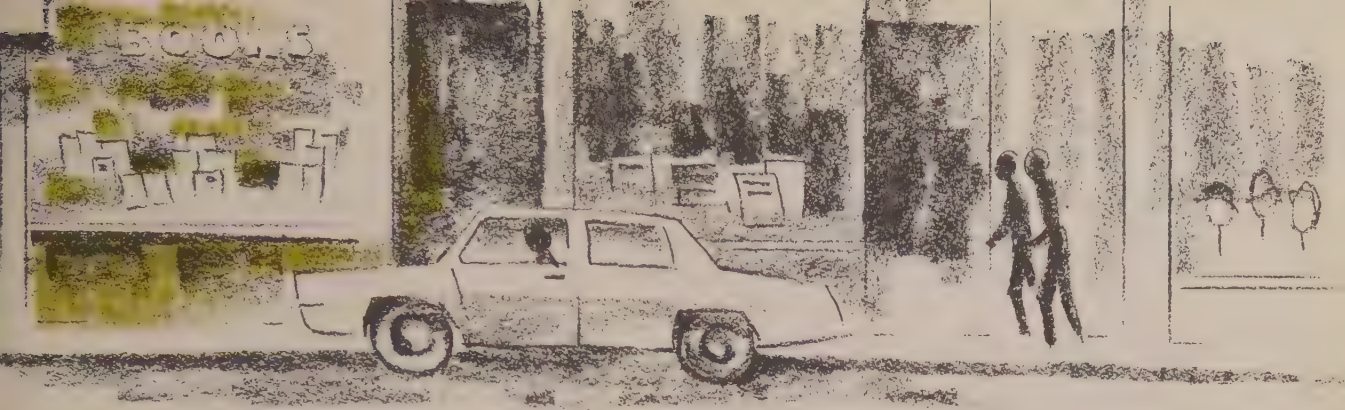
"That's right," said Mr. Kilgore. "Ministers visit a great many people you know, especially ones who are sick or old or lonely. They like to know their friends at church are remembering them."

Before they reached Duncan's house, Mr. Kilgore stopped the car outside a bookstore. John went in with him while Mr. Kilgore bought a book.

"Do you like books, John?" asked the minister.

"I like the ones Mummy reads to me," answered John, "but I don't think I'd like that one. What's it about?"





"Some day I think you will like this book, John. It's about a man who went to Africa to tell the people there about Jesus, and to help cure the ones who were sick."

"Daddy says ministers read a whole lot of books," said John. "Do you, Mr. Kilgore?"

"As many as I possibly can, John. All morning when you are at your everyday kindergarten I am at work in my study, reading and writing. I need to do that so that I will be able to say what God wants me to say when I speak to the people in church on Sunday."

"Is this Duncan's house?" said John as the car drew up in front of a little brick house.

"This is it," answered Mr. Kilgore. "Let's go in and see how he is feeling today."

Duncan's mother opened the door. She was pleased to see Mr. Kilgore.

"Duncan isn't very happy today," she said. "It's such a nice day he wants very badly to go out and ride his bike."

"I brought a friend of mine along," said Mr. Kilgore. "This is John. I am sure he will cheer Duncan up."



They all went into Duncan's bedroom. "Did you finish our puzzle?" Mr. Kilgore asked him, after he had introduced John and Duncan to each other.

"No," said Duncan. "It's too hard."

"Let's have another try at it," said the minister.

Duncan's mother brought a tray with a jig-saw puzzle on it and the four of them worked at it for a while; then she and Mr. Kilgore went off to talk.

The boys played together till it was time for John to go home. Duncan was smiling and happy by this time.

"He gave me some nuts," he told his mother, "and he says he'll ask Mr. Kilgore to bring him back another day."

"Goodbye, Duncan," said John.

"We'll be back soon," said Mr. Kilgore.

"Well, John," said Mr. Kilgore when they were in the car again, "thank you very much for helping me. Did you enjoy yourself?"

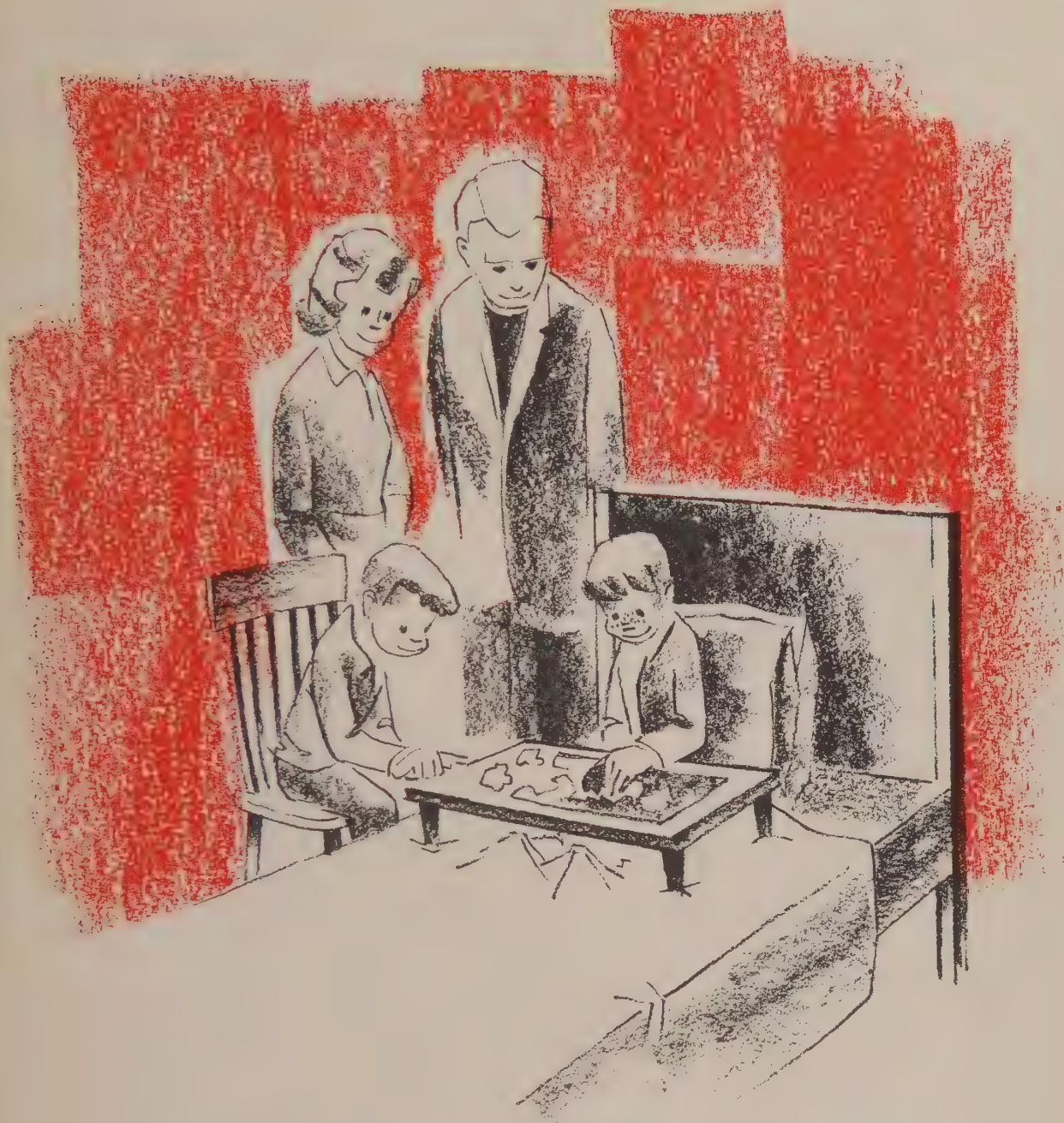
"Sure!" said John, "he's nice. I wouldn't like to stay in bed all day like that."

At dinner time that night, John had plenty to tell his father. He told him about Mr. Kilgore reading and writing in the mornings; about the big book he bought; and about Betty and Duncan.

"Do you know why ministers do this kind of work, John?" asked his father. "It's because God has chosen them to be his special helpers. They love God and they want to spend their lives telling people about him, and trying to do the kind of things that Jesus did. He was always ready to help those who weren't happy. You've heard how friendly he was to children, haven't you?"

"Yes," said John. "I guess being a minister is about the friendliest thing anyone could be. Perhaps I'll be a minister when I grow up, instead of a mailman."

"Mailmen are friendly, too," laughed John's father. And he took John upstairs to bed.



HELPERS IN GOD'S CHURCH



"Bother!" said John's mother one afternoon, "I must have left my black gloves in the church. Let's walk down and get them."

"You can't," said John. "This isn't Sunday. It's a different day."

John was a bit cross because he didn't want to go out. He was having a good time playing at home.

The walk to the church was not a happy one. John scuffed his shoes on the sidewalk, and wouldn't take his mother's hand at the crossings.

When they reached the church, they found that the door was open. Inside, everything was quiet. John felt a little bit scared and now he was glad to slip his hand into his mother's.

They went to the church office. There they met a lady sitting at a desk.

Mother introduced John to the church secretary, Mrs. Burns.

"What's a sectry?" asked John.

"Sec-re-tary," said Mother. "Mrs. Burns types letters for the minister and answers the telephone. She keeps a list, too, of all the people who belong to the church."

"That must be a very long list," said

John. "Is it as long as the one you get when you pay for the groceries?"

"It isn't that kind of list, John," said Mrs. Burns. "Look!" She pulled out a long drawer full of little white cards.

"There's a card for every family that belongs to our church."

"Us too?" asked John.

"Certainly. See?"

She picked out one of the cards. There was some writing on it which John couldn't read. Then he noticed, "John". He could read that all right!

"That's me," he laughed, touching his name on the card.

"Yes, you really belong to the church," said Mother.

She told the secretary about her black gloves.

"Yes," said Mrs. Burns, "the caretaker has them in his lost and found box."

John and his mother set off through the quiet church to find the caretaker. Guess where he was?—In the kindergarten room! And guess what he was doing?—Waxing the floor!



"Hello, Mr. Schmidt," said John's mother. "Could we trouble you for a minute? I think you have my gloves in the lost and found box."

Mr. Schmidt smiled and took them to another room.

"There they are," he said, taking the gloves from the big box. "I wish people would come for all these other lost things."

"I'm glad you're here to take care of them, anyway," said Mother.

"Take care of," said John. "Is that what caretakers do?"

"That's right," said Mother. "Mr. Schmidt came to Canada from a far-

away country last year, and we're happy that he did, for he takes care of our church very well. He keeps it clean and warm, mends things that get broken, sweeps up the leaves, and shovels the snow."

"Care-taker-takes-care," said John. "Do you know what?" he said to Mr. Schmidt. "The sectry in that other room has my name on a card. I belong here."

"Do *you* know something?" said Mr. Schmidt to John. "She has my name on a card, too. We both belong."

Then John and his mother went to the sanctuary and sat down for a little while. John didn't feel cross any more.



Instead he felt glad that the church wasn't closed and empty all week. He thought God would be glad too, and would like his church to be clean for the people who came to praise him on Sundays. It was good, too, that the lady knew about all the families who belonged.

John felt like saying thank you. "It's

so quiet here," he thought. "I'm sure God could hear the littlest whisper." So he whispered, "Thank you, God, for this church, and for people who take care of things."

On the way home John was happy. He held his mother's hand, and he didn't scuff his feet once.



PART 2

FAMILIES

- Story 6* - A Present From God
- Story 7* - Learning to Love and Be Loved
- Story 8* - Allan Goes to Church
- Story 9* - Getting Ready for Christmas

A PRESENT FROM GOD



"I wonder what I should do today," said John, one wet Saturday morning. The rain was splashing down outside. John could hardly see through the kitchen window, it was so wet.

"I'm going to send off a big pile of letters," said Mother. "Would you like to put the stamps on for me? There are nearly a hundred of them."

"Maybe," said John. He was watching the streams of rain racing down the window. Licking stamps didn't sound like much fun.

Then the phone rang. That was better. John liked the phone.

"Hello," he said, "This is John."

"Hello," said someone. "Is your mother there?"

"Yes," answered John. "She's coming."

He went back to the window, sorry that it wasn't one of *his* friends phoning. His mother didn't talk for long. John heard her say,

"Yes. How wonderful! I'm delighted! Yes. Of course. Goodbye."

"I wonder what's so wonderful," thought John. He soon found out.

"John," she said, "such wonderful news! June's mother went to the hospital last night and her new baby was born this morning. That was June's father phoning. He is so happy! The baby is a boy."

"I wish the sun was shining for the baby," said John. "May I go and see him after lunch?"

"The baby doesn't mind the rain, John," said his mother. "He's safe and warm in his crib in the hospital. You can't visit him yet; not till he is brought home in a few days. June's coming over here for the rest of the day. You watch for her, while I write a note for her father to take to her mother."

June and her father came very soon. They walked along the road holding hands. It seemed to John as if they were dancing, even though it was raining.





"They're coming, they're coming," he shouted, and ran to open the door.

"We have a baby now, a new baby," said June. "He's my brother."

John thought he had never seen people look so happy. They talked for a while,

and then June's father set off in the rain to go to the hospital.

"I don't know my brother's name yet," said June. "Know something, John? Babies don't have names when they are born. They have to be given them. My mummy and daddy are giving my baby a name today."

"What a wonderful gift a baby is," said John's mother.

"Mummy," said John, "What's a gift?"

"A gift is the same as a present, John," answered Mother. "And the most wonderful present in the world is a new baby; a little sweet baby, with tiny toes and tiny hands, and a funny, screwed-up, rosy face. A baby is a gift, a present from God. A baby is the best present a father and mother could possibly have. You see, that is how God makes a family."

"There are four people in my family," said June.

"Yes, June," said John's mother. "God planned for your mother and father to love each other, and that made a family of two. Then he gave them a wonderful gift, a baby girl, whom they called June! That made three. Now there

are four. Shall we thank God now,
for your new little brother?"

June said, "Thank you, God, for my
brother."

John said, "Thank you, God."

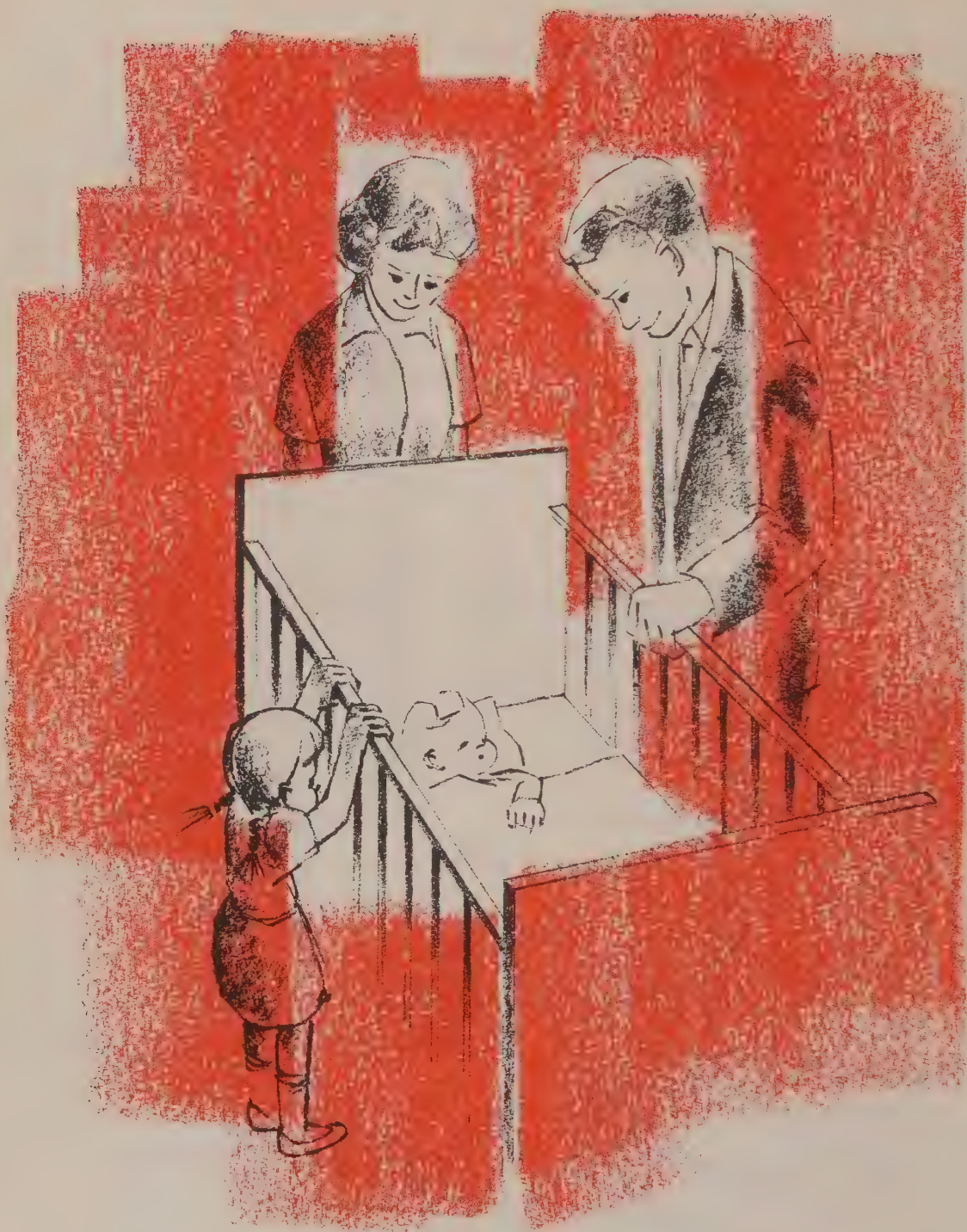
John's mother said, "Our loving
heavenly Father, we thank you for
this precious gift of a baby. Keep him
always in your tender care. May he

grow strong and good, loving Jesus
and doing God's will. Amen."

Now the children went off to John's
room to play till lunch time. Guess
what they played! They took John's
doll, and played father, mother, and
baby coming home from hospital.

And while they played, Mother licked
a hundred stamps all by herself!







LEARNING TO LOVE AND BE LOVED

It seemed to June that Mother had been in hospital for ever. She had gone away on Saturday, and now it was Thursday and she still wasn't home. That was days and days. It wasn't that June was lonely, at least not very lonely. A nice lady came in every day to make the meals and look after the house. June liked her—but she wasn't Mummy. So June was really glad when Father said to her that night, "Mother is coming home tomorrow."

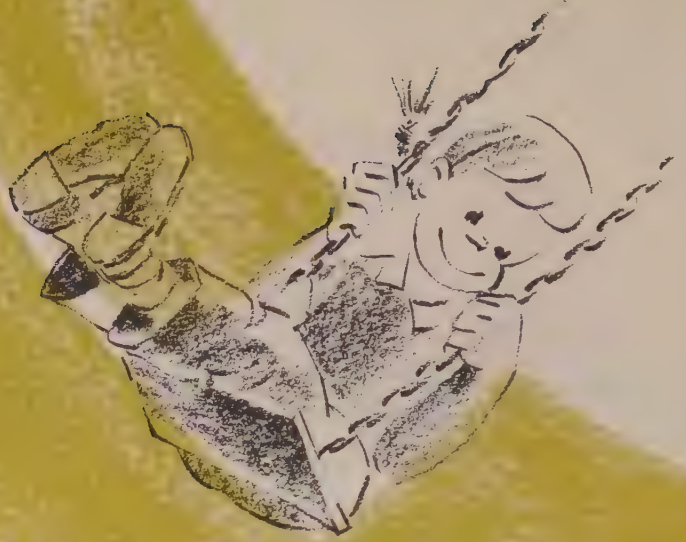
"And Allan too?" asked June, for Allan was the name they had given the new baby.

"Yes," said Father, "Allan too."

Friday came at last, and June and Father welcomed home the fourth member of the family. Mother laid him in his crib and he seemed to know that he belonged there. He looked around for a minute, and then closed his eyes and fell fast asleep. June stood with Mother and Father, looking at him, and listening to the funny little noises he made.

"When will he wake up?" asked June.

"Not for a long time, I hope," said Mother quietly. "I want to hear all about what you two have been doing while Allan and I have been in the hospital."



As they sat and talked, June felt very happy. Mother was home at last, and the house didn't have that strange, empty feeling any longer.

The days went by, and it seemed to June that the baby was always asleep. Oh yes, he woke up to be fed and bathed and dressed, and he often made a terrible noise, but he never stayed awake long enough to play. June began to wonder if a brother was much fun after all.

"Why don't we phone John?" said Mother one day. "He's had a cold, but perhaps he's better now and would like to come and see the baby."

"Everyone comes to see the baby,"

thought June sulkily. "Why doesn't somebody come to see me?" She really felt bad. She had no one to play with. Why did John get a silly old cold? And why wouldn't that baby sit up and play with her?

"Hello," she heard Mother say on the phone. "How is John? Good. Would he like to come over and see the baby?"

John's cold was better. When he arrived at June's house, she took him to see the baby.

"Allan is his name," she said.

John stood quiet for a long time, gazing at the little baby in the crib.

"Is *that* your brother?" he said at last.

"Yes," answered June, "and he's no use at all. He can't play or anything. He just sleeps."

"What a fuss they make about a baby," said John. "I'm glad there isn't one at my house. Let's go out and play on the swing."

June was glad to go with John again. "I wish Mummy had got me a brother who could play like you," she said.

When June's mother was tucking her up in bed that night, she sat down beside her.

"June," she said, "I think you have got some funny ideas in that pretty head of yours."



They talked for a long time and Mother explained a lot of things to June.

"Four years ago," she said, "I came home from the hospital with a little baby in my arms. Do you know who that baby was? It was you, my little June. And you were just like Allan. You didn't talk or smile; you didn't sit up, and you didn't play—not even with the pretty rattle that John's mother gave you. Sometimes Father and I used to say, 'Won't it be nice when June can talk?' And it was nice when you did learn to talk. But it was just as nice when you were tiny, and we fed you, and washed you, and dressed you. Do you know something? I think you are old enough to help me to do all these things for Allan. Would you help me to take care of the baby?"

What could I do?" asked June.

"If I held Allan firmly, you could help to

bathe him gently and dry him. You could put powder on him and bring me his clean clothes. And you could answer the phone while I'm feeding him. It always rings then, doesn't it?"

"Tomorrow I will," promised June.

At first it was hard for June to do things properly for the baby, but she watched her mother carefully, and learned the right way to help bathe him. June sometimes chose the clothes the baby should wear, and it was fun to pick out the gowns and jackets that would make him look his very nicest. Soon she liked to hear the visitors say, "Isn't he a lovely baby?"

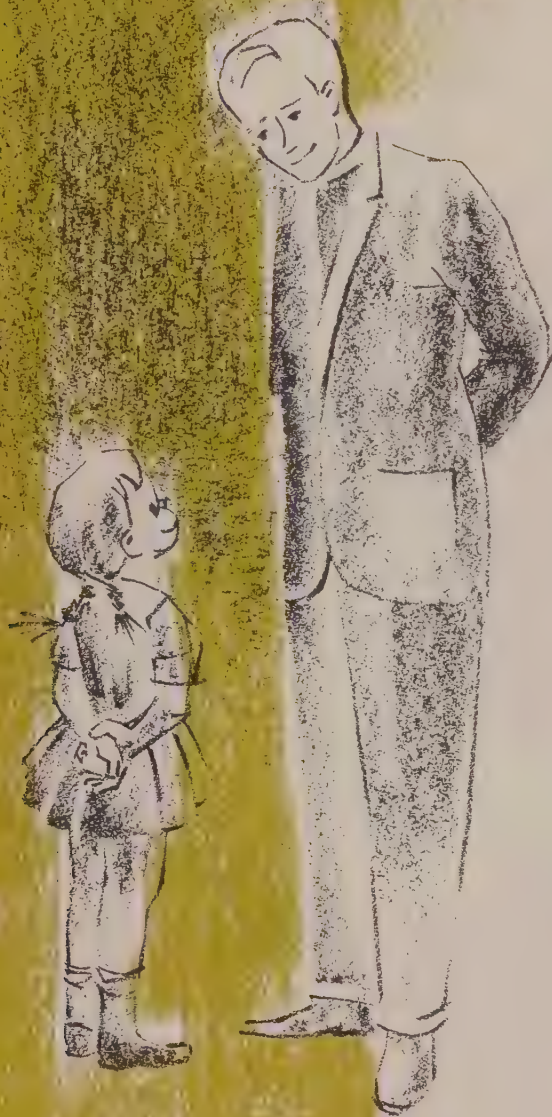
Then Mother would say, "We think so too! He should be, with a big sister like June helping me to care for him."

One night June said to her mother, "You know about God giving us Allan? I'm glad he did. It's nice doing things

for a baby even though he can't sit
up and play. I'm going to say thank
you for Allan in my prayers."

"Father and I do, too, June, and every
night we say something else as well.
We say, 'Thank you, God, for June.'"





ALLAN GOES TO CHURCH

June's mother was busy with the baby, when she heard the door bell ring. "Will you see who that is, June?" she called.

June ran to open the door. "Hello," she said.

"Hello, June, how are you?" It was Mr. Kilgore, the minister. He had come to see June's mother and father, but June always enjoyed his visits too. Today they talked for a little before the others came.

"I've got new shoes," said June. "They're red."

"I like red," said Mr. Kilgore, "but I'm a man, so I couldn't wear red shoes, could I?"

They were talking together when June's mother and father came in.

June thought the talk became very dull after that, so she didn't pay much attention. She thought they were talking about Allan going to church.

"No," she said to herself, "he's too young." She began to look at her *Mother Goose* book. She could "read" nearly all the rhymes in the book, and her favourite was "Sing a Song of Sixpence." It was so funny to think of blackbirds popping out of a pie!

When Mr. Kilgore left, Father read to her while Mother prepared the dinner. After a while he said, "Did you hear what Mr. Kilgore was saying, June? He asked us to take Allan to church on Sunday to be baptized."

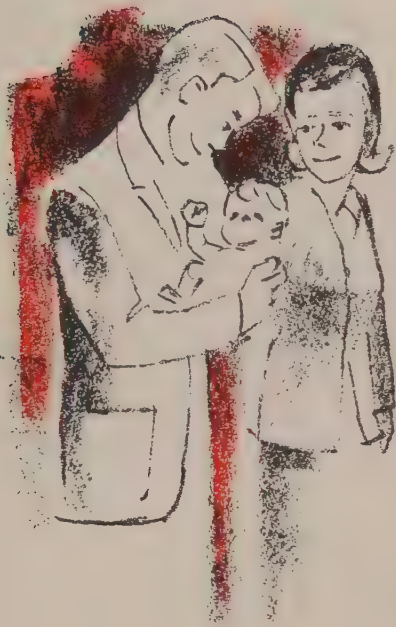
"Allan can't go to church. He would cry."

"That wouldn't matter, June. Most babies do cry a little when they are baptized. You did!"

"What is 'baptized'?" asked June.

"Well, dear, baptism is like coming into a family. You and Allan came into our family when you were born. But you both belong to God's family as well. We think of the church as God's big family and of all families belonging to it. Coming into God's family is a very special time. It is something like being born. On Sun-





day you will see Mr. Kilgore take Allan in his arms, and sprinkle water on his head. Then he will thank God for the gift of Allan, and pray that all of us help Allan grow up to love God. That is what happened when you were baptized, and that is why Mother and I teach you about God. And that is why children have a special kindergarten room at the church."

"I like to go to church," said June.
"And so will Allan."

When Sunday came, it was a beautiful day. The leaves were all off the trees, but the sky was blue and the sun quite warm. The family was up early to get ready for church.

"Today Allan must wear something special," said Mother. So June brought the long white dress Mother had laid out very carefully. It covered the baby's toes, but left his plump little arms bare.

"You wore this when you were baptized," Mother told her. "You were only two months old."

The family drove to church for this special Sunday, and John and his mother and father went in the car too.



"Allan's going to be baptized," said June.

"I know," said John. "I'm going to church to see him. Remember Thanksgiving? I saw you in church. You stood on the seat. Mummy says I can stand on the seat to see Allan."

And he did!

He saw Allan's father give the baby to the minister, and he saw the minister touch the baby's head. Allan wriggled and cried a little, but stopped when Mr. Kilgore gave him to his mother. By the time they were in the car to drive home, Allan was fast asleep as usual.

"Was I baptized?" asked John.

"I was," said June, "and in that dress." She touched the dress Allan was wearing.

"John was too," said his father.

"I belong to the church," said John. "I

saw my name on the big list in the church office."

"Yes," said his father, "and Mother and I belong, and June belongs, and her mother and father."

"And Allan?" asked John.

"Yes, Allan too," answered his father. "We all belong to the church now, though Allan isn't old enough to understand yet. When he goes to kindergarten like you two, and learns about Jesus and about God's love for us all, he'll begin to know how wonderful it is to belong to the church."

They were home now, and all getting out of the car. Allan's mother carried him, still asleep, into the house.

"I wonder what they did in kindergarten today," said June. "Mrs. Anderson says we can take Allan there someday to let all the children see him. Will we, Daddy?"



"I think we might," said her father.
"But we'd have to ask Mother about that."

"Know something, June?" said John.
"Now I wish *we* had a baby in our

house. I like Allan. Some day I'll let him ride my tricycle."

Then John went home to have a ride for himself.

GETTING READY FOR CHRISTMAS

John woke one day to find a glistening white fairyland outside his window.

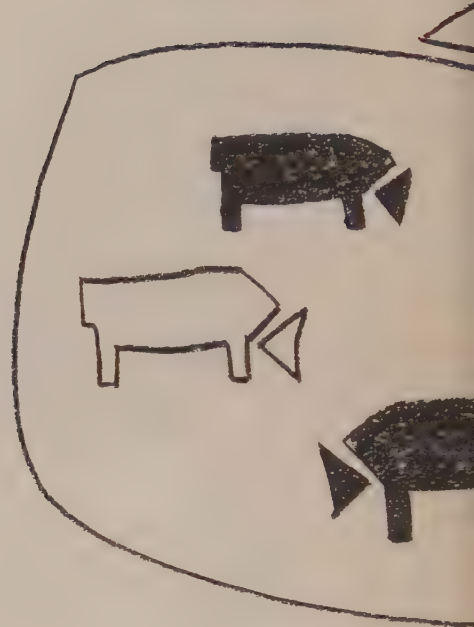
"Daddy!" he shouted, "I want to make a snow fort with seats in it. Will you help me?"

"So the snow's come at last," said Father. "Of course I'll help you. This afternoon we'll build the finest fort you ever saw."

"I want to do it this morning," said John.

"Can't be done," said his father. "Today's Sunday. Come on, we'd better get down to breakfast or we'll be late for church."

All the children were excited when they reached kindergarten that morning. Mrs. Anderson let them look out the windows at the snow for a long time.



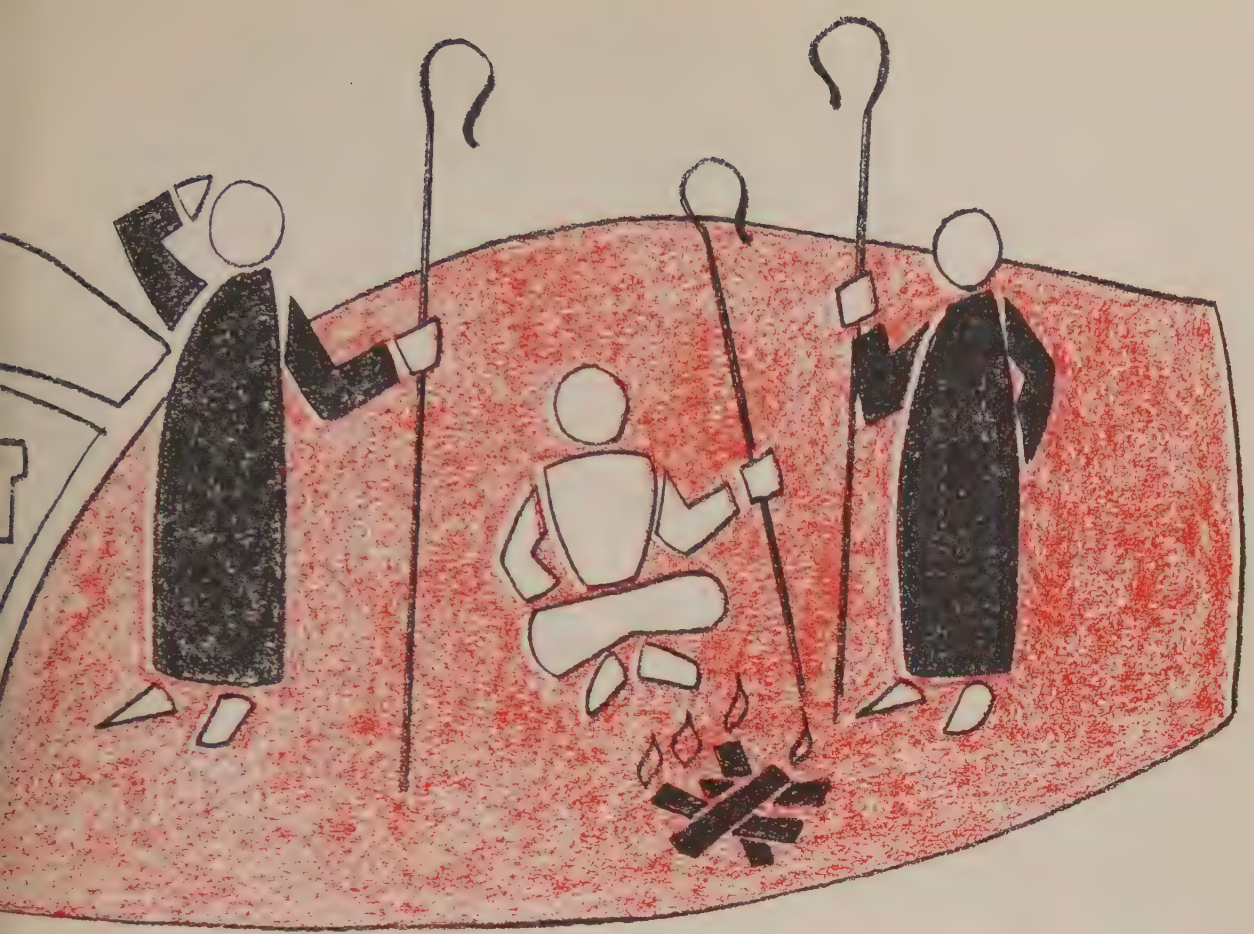
"Snow's whiter than white," said Peter.

"I see blue snow, and pink snow," said June.

"Snow means that it's nearly Christmas time," said John.

Mrs. Anderson taught the children a winter song. You can learn it too and make up your own tune if you like.

"Come, sing a song of winter,
of winter, of winter,
Come, sing a song of winter,
the cold days are here.



With blowing and snowing
and rosy cheeks glowing,
Come, sing a song of winter,
the cold days are here."

"John's right about Christmas," said Mrs. Anderson. "In most of our country, snow usually comes a few weeks before Christmas. Let's make some Christmas pictures for our room."

She showed them how to make the pictures by cutting out paper shapes and pasting them on big sheets of paper. One picture showed Mary and Joseph and the donkey travelling to



Bethlehem. Another showed shepherds watching their sheep by night. And there was one of Mary and Joseph in the stable, looking into the manger where the baby Jesus lay.

Later Mrs. Anderson gave each of the children a letter for their parents. John's mother read hers at lunch time.

"Next Sunday is White Gift Sunday," she said. "Mrs. Anderson says you can come into church with Father and me. The gifts will be received early in the service; then you will go out with her to the kindergarten."

"Do you remember taking a White Gift last year, John?" asked Father.

"No," said John. "I took mittens one day, but they weren't white."

"It's not the gifts that are white, John, it's just that we wrap them in white paper," explained his mother.

"Who gets them?" asked John.

"Children whose parents haven't enough money to buy Christmas gifts."

"Do grown-ups take white gifts, too?" asked John.



"Oh yes," said Mother. "They usually give food or money. Christmas is the day when we remember the birth of Jesus. We all want to do things that Jesus would like. The best thing that we can do is to show our love for other people as he has taught us."

"So that's why we give gifts at Christmas, John," said Father. "It's to show our friends and other people that we love them. Let's go out now to that snow fort. Mother's going back to the church to practise carols with the choir. They're going to sing carols at the hospital on Christmas Eve."

It was a wonderful fort. June came to help, and her father, and four other children on the street. When it was finished, the children could all sit on the seats inside, and peep through the little holes left for windows.

"We're Eskimos," said June.

"Well, you wait there," said her father, "and I'll go and look for some seal meat for supper."

He was soon back with a box of cookies. "Sorry," he said. "We've run out of seal meat."



When the children went home, John decided to make a picture of the stable in Bethlehem, like the one he had made in kindergarten. His father mounted it on cardboard and stood it on the mantelpiece in the living room.

"Mother will like this," he said. "We will sing Christmas hymns here and think about the baby Jesus, born in a stable."

Mother did like it.

"Could you make little pictures like that, John?" she asked. "They would make lovely Christmas cards."

"Sure I could," said John. "Who for?"

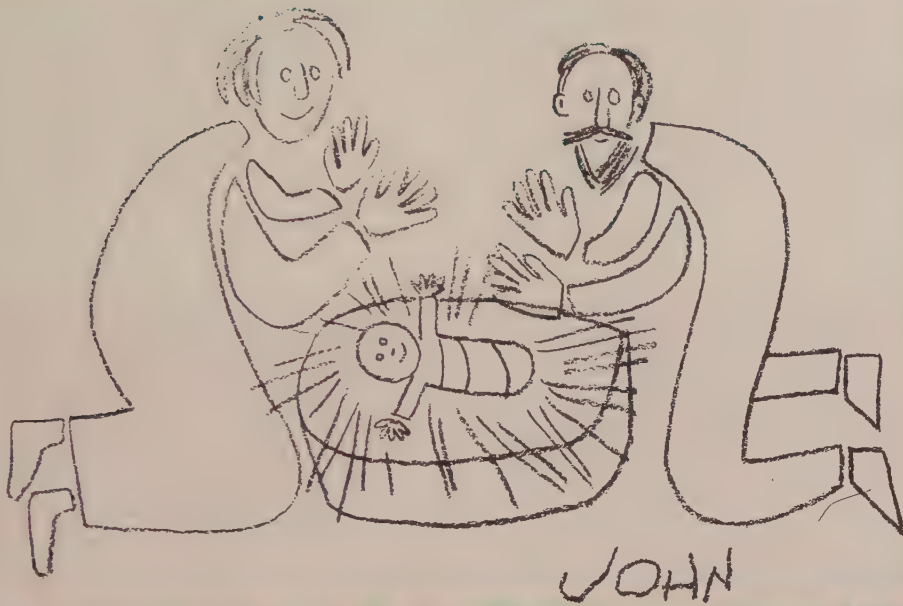
"You can make them for all the people you like," replied his mother.

"For Grandma, and my friends at kindergarten?" asked John.

"That's right," answered Mother, "and for Mrs. Anderson, and Mr. Kilgore, and Mr. Schmidt. The cards will take a message of love to them all. They'll say something else as well, you know, something like, 'I am glad God sent the baby Jesus, aren't you?'"

"There is a lot to do to get ready for Christmas, isn't there?" said John. "Getting white gifts, making cards,





and you have to learn all the carols.
But they are all nice things to do."

"If you're ready to love other people,
you're ready for Christmas, John,"
said Mother. "Wouldn't it be wonder-
ful if we were ready all the time?"

PART 3
HEARING
ABOUT JESUS

Story 10 - The Joys of Christmas

Story 11 - When Jesus Went to Church

Story 12 - How Jesus Grew

Story 13 - When Jesus Became a Man





THE JOYS OF CHRISTMAS

The days before Christmas passed very quickly. John and June played in the snow fort, made Christmas cards and helped their mothers with the baking.

They were in the fort on Saturday morning when they heard a voice outside.

"I'm going to Mr. Neil's farm to look for a Christmas tree," the voice said.

"So am I," said another voice. "Shall we go together?"

John and June looked at each other.

"That's my father," said John.

"And mine," said June.

They crept through the door, and sure enough, there were their fathers.

"Where have you two come from?" said June's father, pretending to be surprised.

"Oh, you know!" said June, "Can we come too?"

Mr. Neil's farm wasn't very far away. He grew the best Christmas trees to be found anywhere. John chose a tall slim one, June a shorter, bushier one. The two fathers chopped them down, tied them on top of the car, and home they went.

"We'll put the tree here by the window," said John's mother, "and then



anyone who goes by will enjoy it too."

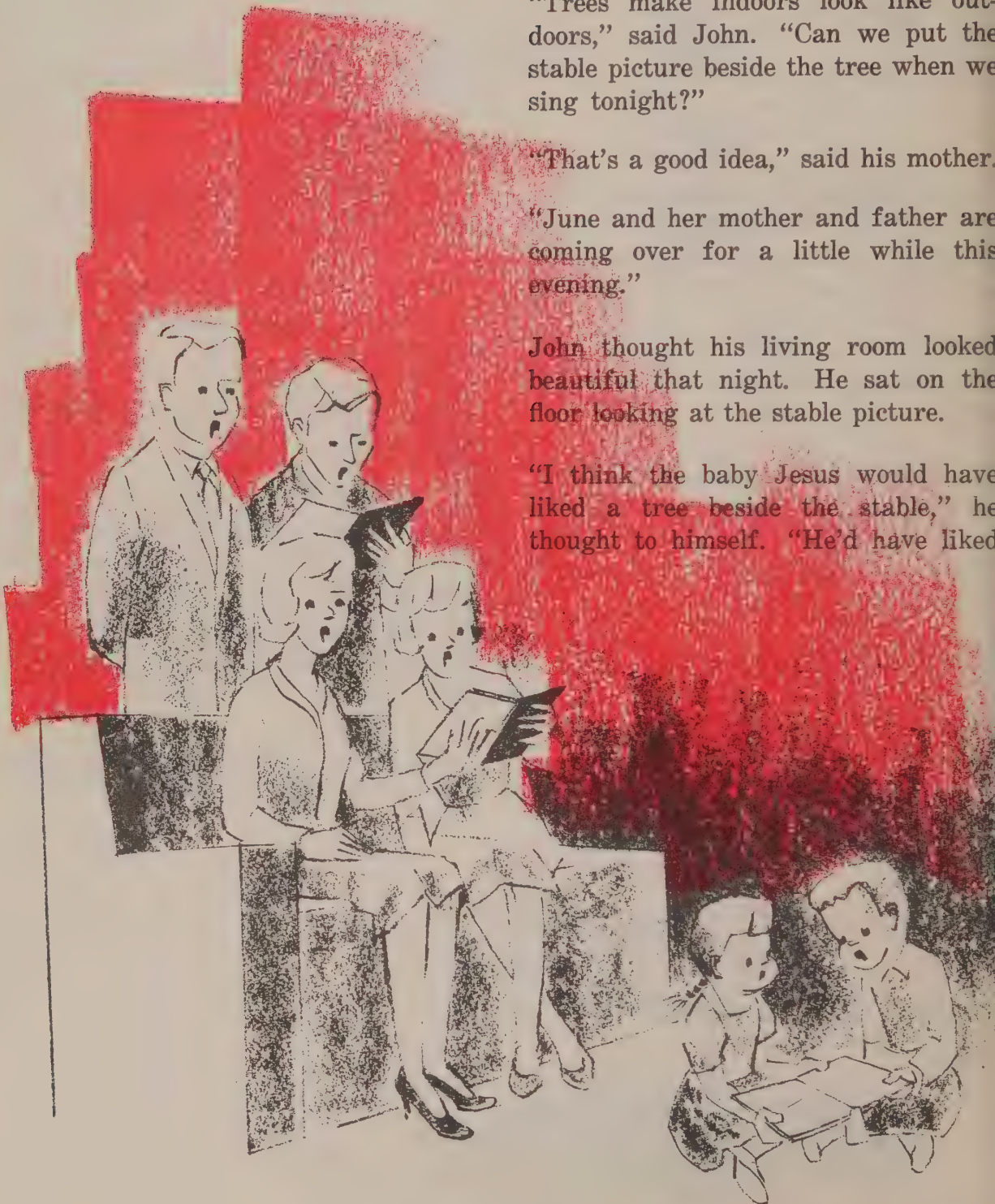
"Trees make indoors look like outdoors," said John. "Can we put the stable picture beside the tree when we sing tonight?"

"That's a good idea," said his mother.

"June and her mother and father are coming over for a little while this evening."

John thought his living room looked beautiful that night. He sat on the floor looking at the stable picture.

"I think the baby Jesus would have liked a tree beside the stable," he thought to himself. "He'd have liked



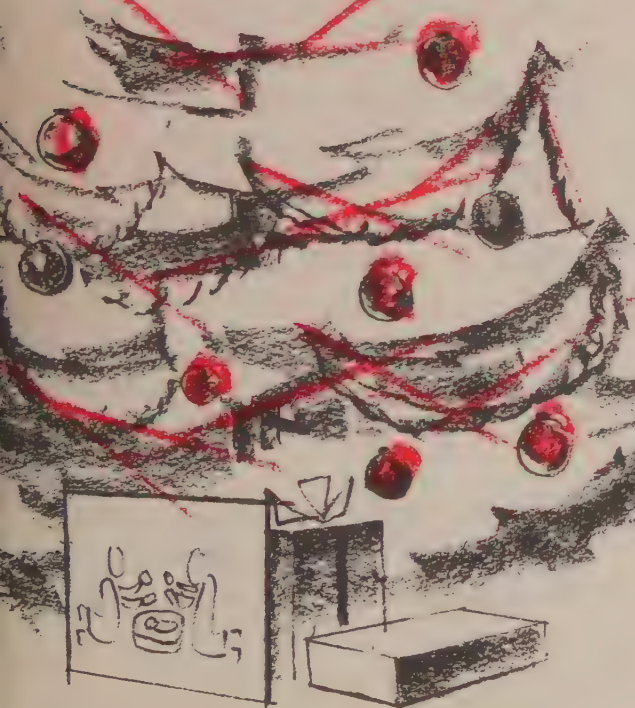
the birds to build their nests there, and to sing to him in the morning, and he'd have listened to the wind shaking the branches."

When June and her parents came, they admired the tree and the picture.

"We sing carols here in the evening," said John's father. "Would you like to join us?"

The two families sang some Christmas hymns together. June liked to sing, "Away in a manger, no crib for a bed."

John was learning, "O come, all ye faithful," and he thought that was nicer, though he didn't really understand all of the words. When they had





finished singing, John's father opened his Bible.

"The Bible tells us a lot about what Jesus said and did when he was a man. I wish it told more about him when he was a child," he said.

"Read about the baby in the manger," said John. "There's a manger in my picture."

His father read,

"And Joseph also went up from Galilee, from the city of Nazareth, to Judea, to the city of David, which is called Bethlehem, to be enrolled with Mary, who was with child. And while they were there, the time came for her to be delivered. And she gave birth to her first-born son

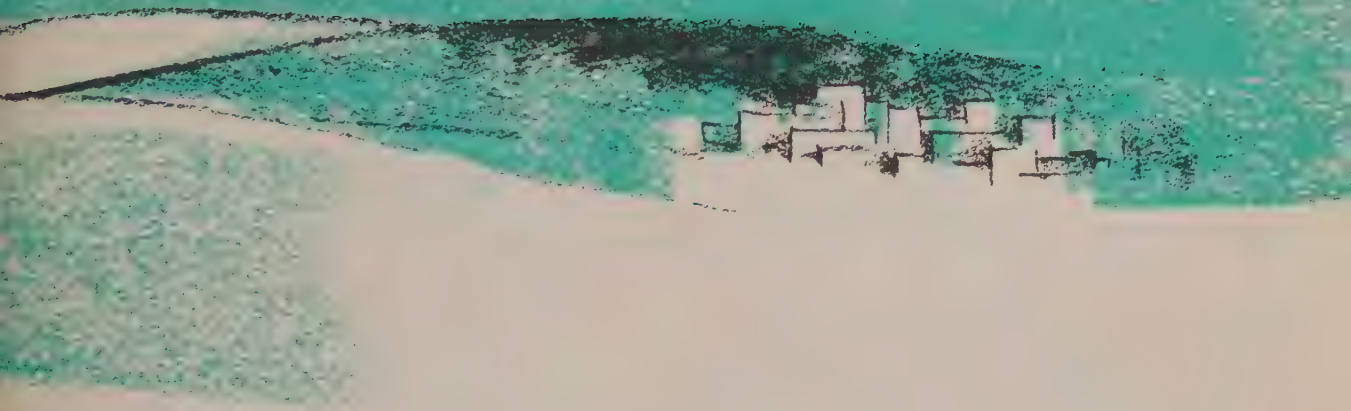
and wrapped him in swaddling cloths, and laid him in a manger, because there was no place for them in the inn."

"We stayed in a hotel when we went on a long trip last summer," said June.

"On the night when Jesus was born," said her mother, "the inn was so crowded that Mary and Joseph had to spend the night in the room where the inn-keeper kept his animals."

"I am glad there was a manger for Mary to put her baby in," said June. "Was it pretty, like Allan's crib?"

"I don't think it would be at all pretty," answered her mother, "but I'm sure Joseph made it clean for the baby, and



filled it with fresh hay for him to lie on.”

“Why was the inn busy?” asked John.

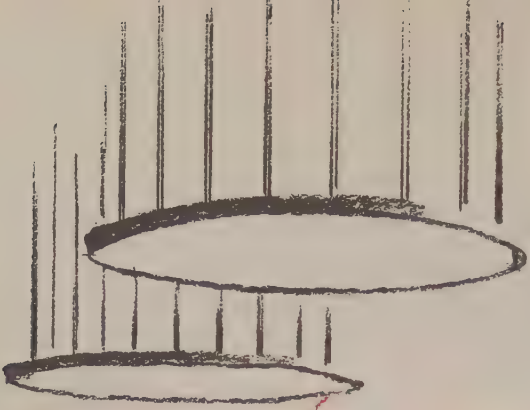
“Because so many people were travelling. They were all going back to the towns where they had been born, because the king had ordered a special count of all the people in the country,” answered John’s father. “Joseph had been born in Bethlehem, and that was a long way from Nazareth where he lived and worked. Perhaps he got a donkey for Mary to ride on, but he, himself, probably walked all the way. Travelling wasn’t very easy in those days.”

They were quiet for a while, thinking of the baby Jesus, born so long ago, and

so far away. All over the world, people were thinking about Bethlehem, and the baby who was born there and laid to sleep in a manger. Because of him, people everywhere learn about God’s love for us all, and try to love and help each other.

John’s mother said, “Christmas is the happiest time of the whole year. I would like to thank God now for Christmas.

“For all the joys of Christmas
We give thanks to thee,
For friends, and happy carols
Sung round this lovely tree.
We thank God for the baby
Born on Christmas Day,
Who taught us that God’s loving care
Surrounds us night and day.”



WHEN JESUS WENT TO CHURCH

John was glad he had holidays from his everyday kindergarten for a few days after Christmas. He was just too busy to have any time for kindergarten.

It wasn't his new books that kept him busy; it wasn't new finger paints; it wasn't even the fire-truck with the ladder that wound up and down. It was his new puppy! The puppy wasn't a Christmas present. On the day after Christmas John's father had taken him downtown, and as they were walking along the main street, they came to the pet shop. In the window there was a fluffy, white rabbit, and a tank with little green turtles crawling among rocks and plants.

"Daddy," said John, "look at the puppies!"

In a basket were two cocker spaniel puppies, one pure black, and one a reddish brown colour, with a white nose spotted with brown freckles. The shop





was closed, but John and his father stood for a long time watching the fat little puppies tumbling around in their basket.

“Do you like my pets?” It was the owner, come to feed his animals. He invited John and his father in to watch. The little brown puppy was so funny that they just had to take him home.

Mother loved him straight away. When June saw him, she said, “Has he got a name?”

“Yes,” said John. “He’s Benjamin, the youngest in the family. We call him Benjie.”

And that’s why John was so busy—he

had to take care of Benjie. He had to brush and comb him, give him food and water, and put on his leash and take him for walks. When June came over, she helped, and both children loved little Benjie.

One day, about a week after Christmas, John’s mother said, “Today I am going to take the lights and decorations off the tree. Do you want to help, John?”

John didn’t like that idea, so he said he had to take Benjie for a walk. Mother didn’t mind — perhaps she would get along faster without John and the puppy around. She was just getting the last of the decorations packed into the box marked “Christmas decorations” when she heard John come back.

"Mummy," he shouted, "where did you put my picture? My stable picture?"

"It's all right," said Mother. "I've got it safe. Here you are."

John found the scotch tape, and stuck the picture on his bedroom wall.

That night when Father came to say goodnight, he noticed the picture. "I see you've kept your stable picture, John," he said.

"I like it there," said John. "Did Jesus like the animals in the stable when he got bigger?" he asked.

"I am sure he liked animals, John," answered Father, "but he didn't stay



long in the stable in Bethlehem, you know. Joseph had to go back to his work in Nazareth. But I didn't tell you about Joseph and Mary taking the baby to the temple in Jerusalem, did I?"

"No," said John. "What's the temple in Jerusalem?"

"Jerusalem was the main city, and the temple was where the people went to give their offerings to God."

"Did Mary and Joseph take Jesus to be baptized like June's baby?"

"No," said Father. "Jesus was baptized much later, but Mary and Joseph wanted to give thanks to God for the baby, just as June's mother and father did for the baby Allan. A very lovely thing happened while they were in the temple."

"What?" asked John.

"Wait till I get my Bible, and I will tell you the story," said Father.

"When Father came back, he said, 'I won't read you exactly what it says in the Bible, because I don't think you

would understand all the words. This is what it is about:

"There was a man in Jerusalem, whose name was Simeon, and this man was very good; he loved God and tried to understand what God wanted him to do. He believed that God would let him live to see a very special baby.

"One day Mary and Joseph brought their baby to the temple, and that same day Simeon was also in the temple.

"When Simeon saw the baby Jesus he knew that this was the special child he was waiting to see. He took the baby in his arms, and gave thanks to God. Nothing more wonderful could ever happen to Simeon, than to see the baby Jesus. Mary and Joseph were very happy when they saw him look lovingly at their baby, and heard him give thanks to God.

"That's all the Bible tells us about the baby Jesus," continued John's father. "But we know he was the special baby that Simeon was waiting to see, for Jesus grew up to teach us all about God and his love. That is why we call Jesus the Son of God."





HOW JESUS GREW

Rattle, rattle, crash! Rattle, rattle, crash!

John and his parents, and the little dog Benjie, kept hearing these strange noises. It was nearly bedtime on Saturday night. They were sitting quietly at home. Rattle, rattle, crash! Benjie lifted his head from the rug.

"What is it?" said John.

Father opened the front door. "So that's what is making all the noise," he said. "Come and look at this, John."

It was an ice storm. Heavy freezing rain was falling, making the strange rattling sound. The trees and bushes were coated with ice and gleamed like silver. Crash!

"Oh," said John, a little scared.

"It's the ice," said Father. "Sometimes so much lands on a branch that there isn't room and it falls with a crash to the frozen ground. It's a bad storm.

Look! That branch has broken right off. The weight of the ice was too much for it."

The storm went on through the night, but John stayed fast asleep. He woke to a strange world the next morning. Outside, the snow was smooth and shiny, covered with ice, and broken tree branches lay all around. Inside, things were even stranger. "The power is off, John," said Mother. "We can't use any of the things that work by electricity."

"Well, we can eat," said Father. "Our camping stove will be handy now."

John tried the kitchen light switch. Nothing happened. The radio wouldn't go on, or the television. "I'm cold," said John.

"We'll have to stay in the living room," said Mother. "Father has the fireplace going and it will be nice and warm in there."

In the middle of breakfast, Mother

suddenly remembered June and her family. "I wonder if the phone is working? June and her family have no camp stove or fireplace. How will they cook meals and keep warm?"

The phone was working and it was soon arranged that June and her family would come to John's house.

John began to like the ice storm. It would be fun to have company for breakfast. Then the phone rang and Father answered it.

"No church service today and no Sunday church school," he told John. "There's no power in the church either. How do you think I would do as Mrs. Anderson for once? You and June and I could have kindergarten right here, couldn't we?"

"Mrs. Anderson said she was going to tell us about Jesus when he was as big as we are. Could you tell us about that?" asked John.

"Oh, I think so," said Father.

"What did he do when he was five, like me?" asked John.

"Let's look and see what the Bible tells



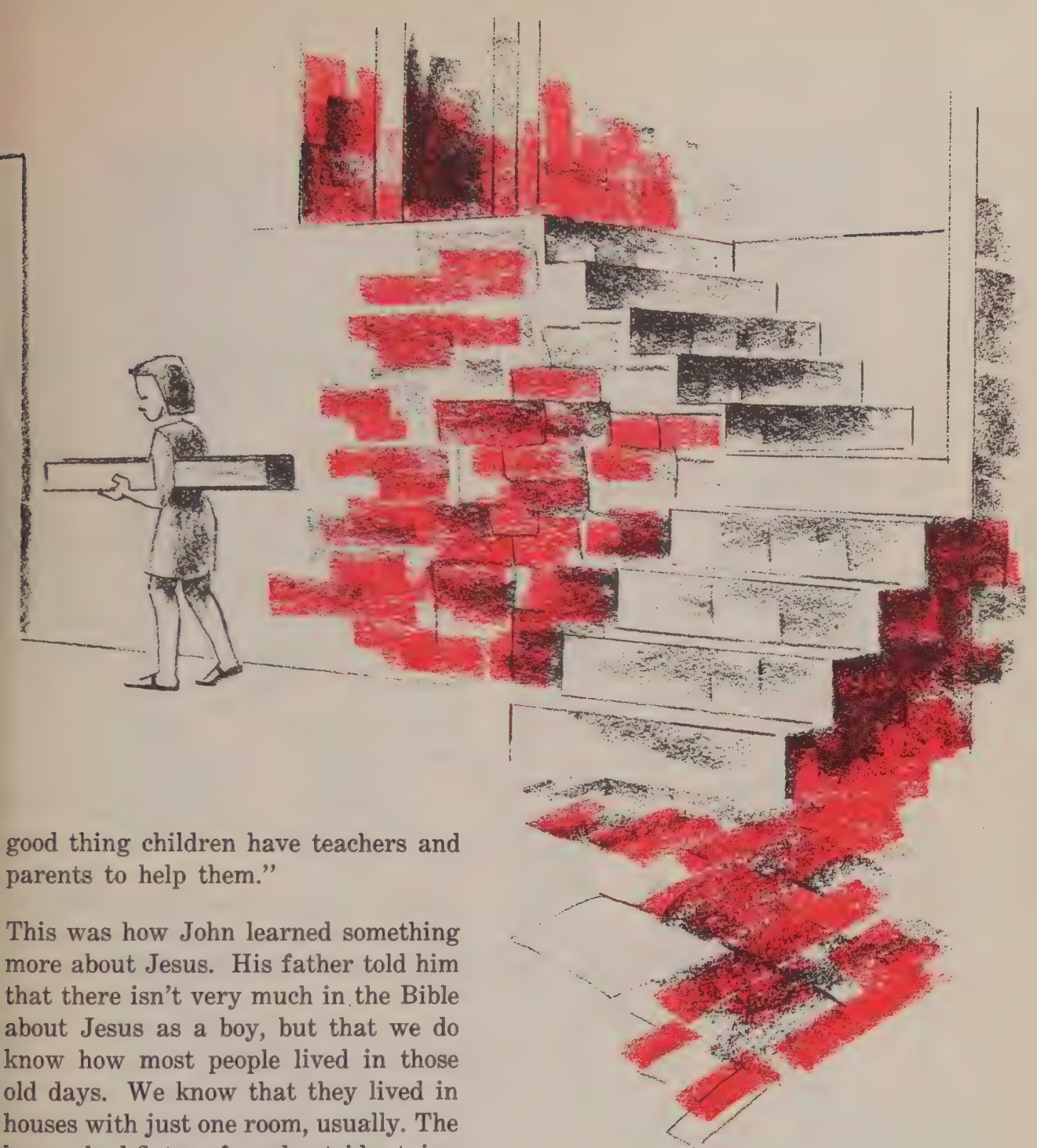
us, John. Listen to this verse. It's short and yet it tells us quite a lot."

John's father read from the Bible.

"And Jesus increased in wisdom and in stature, and in favour with God and man."

John waited. That verse didn't sound like the right one. It didn't say anything about Jesus when he was five.

"You don't understand that, John, do you?" said Father, smiling. "It's a



good thing children have teachers and parents to help them.”

This was how John learned something more about Jesus. His father told him that there isn't very much in the Bible about Jesus as a boy, but that we do know how most people lived in those old days. We know that they lived in houses with just one room, usually. The houses had flat roofs and outside stairs.

The children went to school when they were six years old, just like children in Canada today. They learned to read

and write, and they learned about God. They played with their friends, and helped their mothers around the house.

"But that wasn't in the verse," said John. "It didn't say all that."

"Yes it did," said Father. "Listen again, 'Jesus increased in wisdom'—that means he learned things. He learned what his parents taught him at home. He went to school and learned his lessons well.

"And it goes on to say he increased 'in stature'—that means he grew big and strong. He must have had plenty of good food, and all the fresh air and rest he needed.

"The next bit is difficult—it says that

he increased 'in favour with God and man.' "

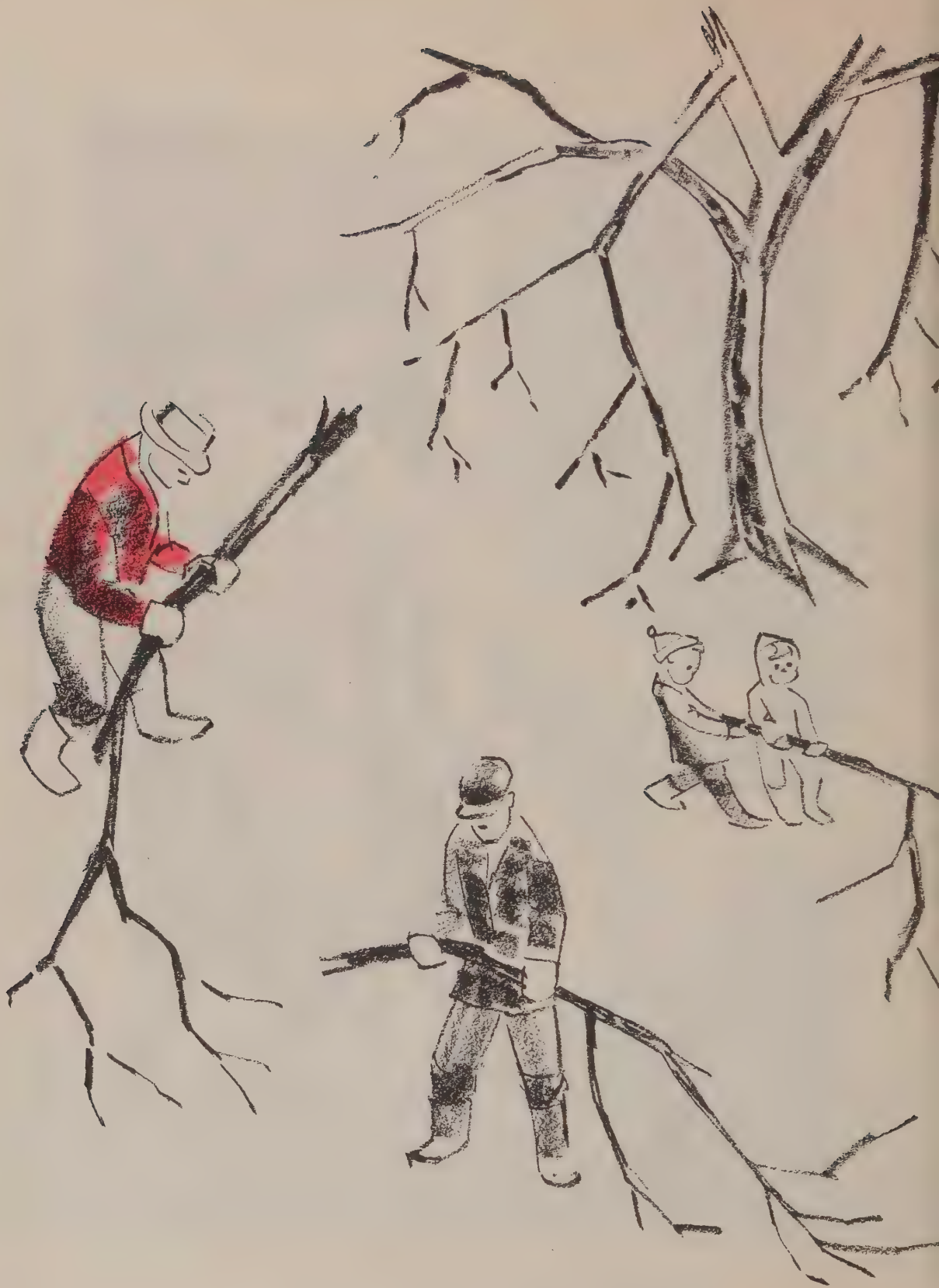
"What's increase in favour," asked John.

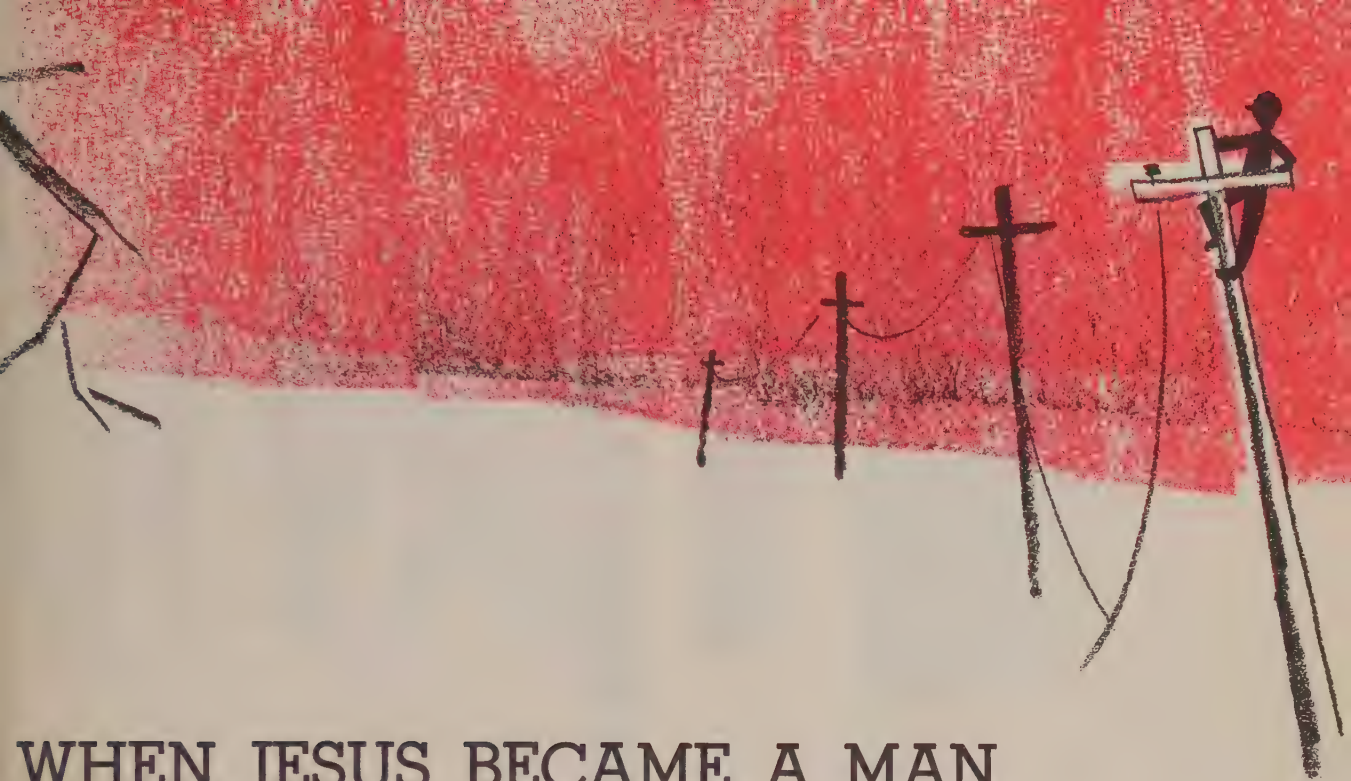
"That," said Father "means that God was more and more pleased with the way Jesus lived, and that his family and friends grew to love him more and more. If we can do the things he taught people to do, we will grow in favour with God and with people, too."

"Here's June now," said John. "Tell her about the verse."

And so June learned that Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man.







WHEN JESUS BECAME A MAN

John and June enjoyed having Sunday church school in John's home on the day after the big ice storm. In the afternoon, they went outside with their fathers, and helped to pick the broken twigs and branches off the garden path and the sidewalk. Some of the branches were so thick and heavy that even if they pulled at them together, John and June couldn't move them at all.

"Leave the heavy ones for us," said June's father.

The power went on in the evening, so June's family went home again.

"Thank you for having us," they said as they left, carrying baby Allan wrapped snugly in a blanket.

Next Sunday everyone was glad to be back in the church again. Mrs. Anderson told the children in the kindergarten that she had missed them.

"I hope you weren't all cold and hungry," she said.

"We stayed in John's house," said June. "His mother gave us our food."

Peter said in a loud voice, "My mother gave a hundred people food!"



"My daddy was out all night mending poles and things for the lights," said someone else.

"My daddy taught June and me our Sunday church school lesson," said John. "He told us about Jesus after he was a baby and before he grew up."

"That's when he was a boy, isn't it?" said Mrs. Anderson. "Suppose John and June tell us about that, and when they are finished, I will tell you some of the things Jesus did when he grew to be a man."

John remembered about Jesus going to school and playing with his friends. June remembered about Jesus living in

a house with the stairs going up the outside, and about his being kind to everyone.

"God was pleased with him," she said, "and all the people liked him."

"He had many friends when he grew up, too," said Mrs. Anderson. "People used to follow him around the countryside because they loved to be near him, and to listen to all that he had to say."

"When the children tried to get near him, some cross men told them to go away," said Peter.

"Then what happened?" asked Mrs. Anderson.



All the children in the kindergarten spoke together—for they all knew that Jesus told the “cross men” to let the children come to him.

“Mummy always tells me to leave my Grandpa in peace,” said Peter. “But Grandpa’s like Jesus. He wants to talk with me.”

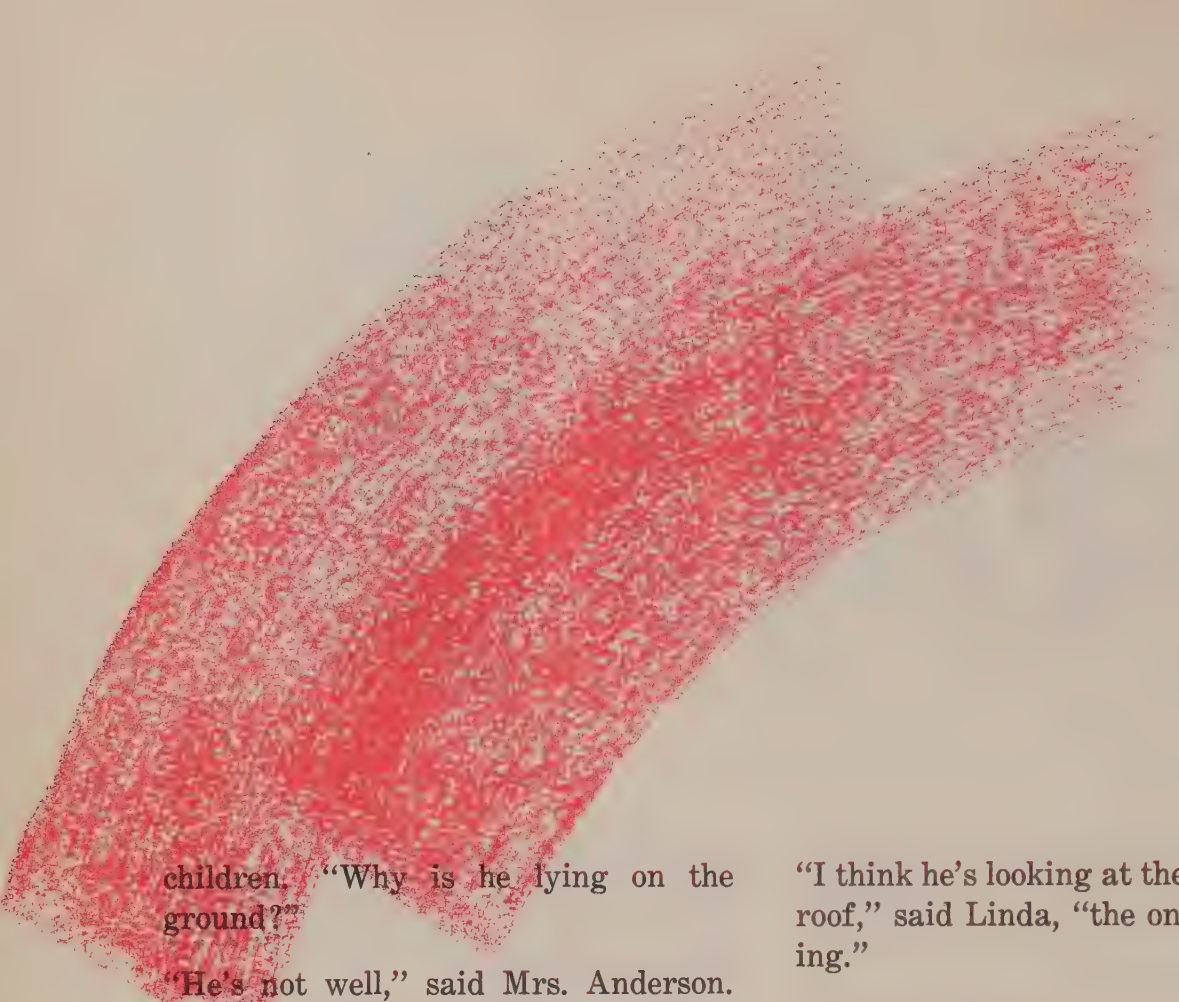
“What did Jesus talk to the people about?” asked June.

“He talked to them about God, and about themselves,” answered Mrs. Anderson. “He told them how much God loved them and that God cares for everybody. He told the people that God wants people to be kind and honest and

unselfish. He told them also that when people are sorry for the wrong things they do, God forgives them, and helps them to be better.”

Mrs. Anderson had a big picture to show the children. They gathered round, so that everyone could see. It was a picture of Jesus in a crowded village street. There were men and women all up and down the street, and more men and women looking down from the flat roofs of the houses. Some children had been drawing pictures on the sandy ground, but they had stopped, and were looking at Jesus. Everyone seemed to be looking at Jesus.

“Look at that boy,” said one of the



children. "Why is he lying on the ground?"

"He's not well," said Mrs. Anderson. "There's his father. He has asked Jesus to make the boy strong, so that he will be able to run and play like the other children. Jesus was always sad when he saw sick people and if they loved and trusted him, he was often able to make them well."

"Who is Jesus smiling at?" asked John.

"He's smiling at that old woman," said Peter.

"No he isn't," said June. "It's the girl with the striped dress."

"I think he's looking at the man on that roof," said Linda, "the one who's waving."

"I think all of you are right," said Mrs. Anderson. "Jesus loved all people, the sick ones, the old ones, the children—all of them. When he smiled, each one of them said, 'He's smiling just for me.' And he was. He smiled for each one of them, and for all of them."

"I know why he is smiling," said June. "It's because God loves everybody."

June was right. Just as Jesus smiled to everybody, so God loves everybody—you, and me, and all people.



Light snow was falling as John and June walked home.

“Want to make a snowman?” asked June.

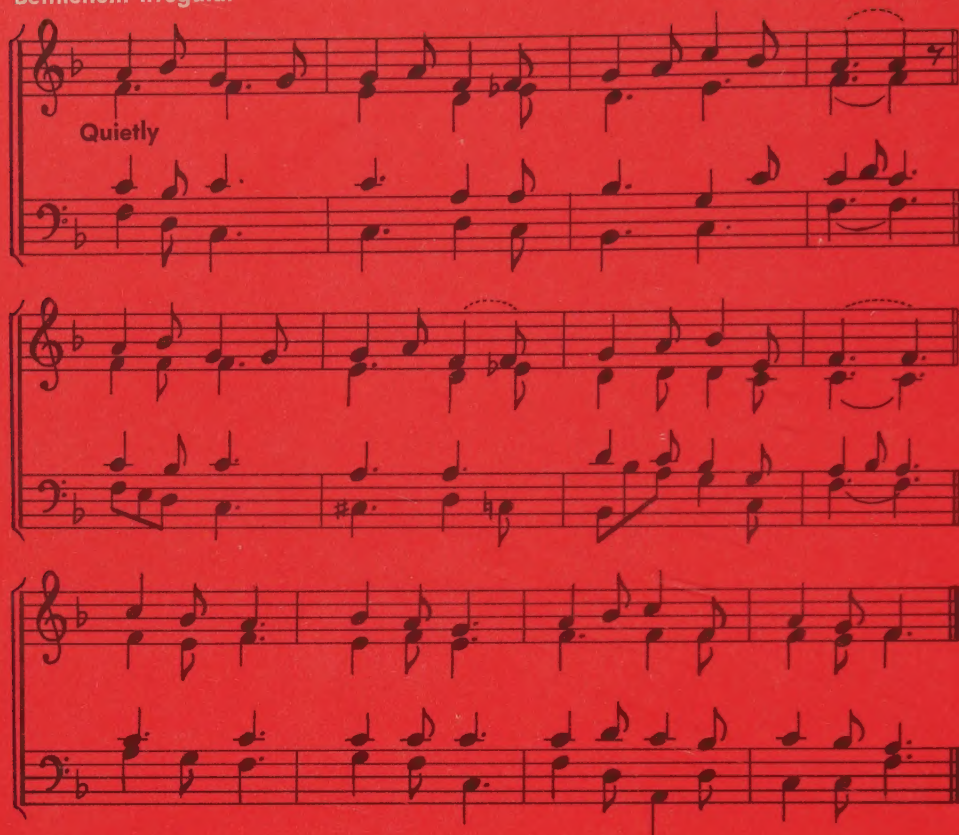
But John wasn’t listening just then.
He was making up a poem.

“Jesus told the people,
‘God loves us all.’
Good news! Good news!
God loves us all.”

Once There Was a Little Town

Bethlehem Irregular

CLAIRE SENIOR BURKE



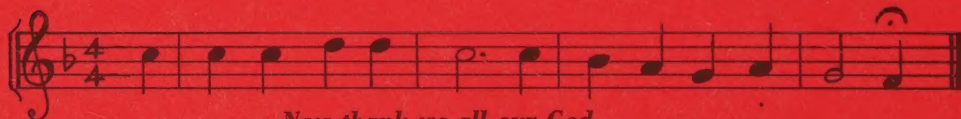
*Once there was a little town upon a quiet hill,
Where the Baby Jesus lay very sweet and still.
Far away, Far away,
Still we praise that Christmas day.*

*By the star the wise men came to find the kingly
Stranger,
Shepherds heard the Angels' song and found
Him in a manger.
Far away, Far away,
Still we praise that Christmas day.*

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Now Thank We All Our God

JOHANN CRUGER



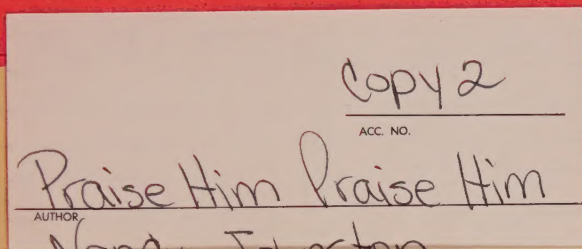
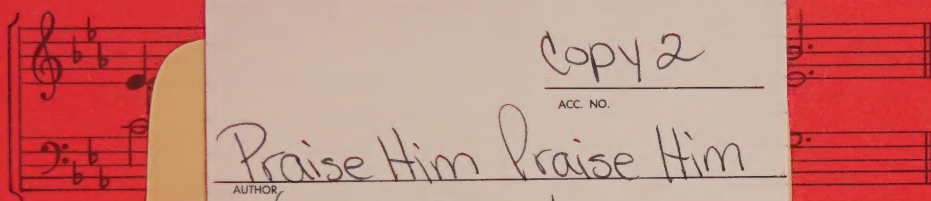
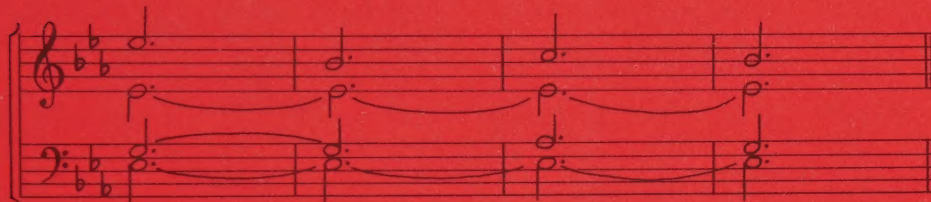
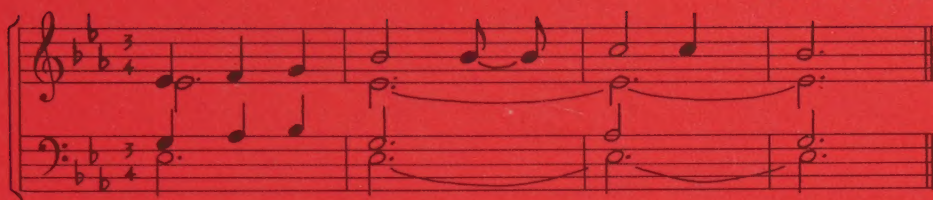
*Now thank we all our God
With heart and hands and voices.*

MARTIN RINCKART

Trans. by CATHERINE WINKWORTH

Who Made the Stars ?

MIRIAM DRURY



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*Jesus
Christ
and the
Christian
Life* year 2

THE

NEW CURRICULUM

THE UNITED CHURCH OF CANADA



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